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North Carolina Folklore Journal

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North Carolina Folklore Journal

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Editor’s Foreword, <i>Philip E. “Ted” Coyle</i>	2
Remembering Malcolm Fowler, <i>E.T. Malone, Jr.</i>	4
North Carolina at Work, <i>Joy Salyers</i>	11
Photography of Cedric N. Chatterley, <i>Libby Rodenbough</i>	18
On the Horizon: Emerging Trends in North Carolina’s Seafood Industry, <i>Susan West and Barbara J. Garrity-Blake</i>	22
“Music All Over the Ocean”: Voices from the Menhaden Industry’s Last Days, <i>David Cecelski</i>	32
Sweet Potatoes, <i>Jefferson Currie II</i>	42
Review of <i>Archie Green</i> , <i>Sara Bell</i>	46
Passing on the Ancestors’ Tradition: Amanda Crowe, Woodcarver and Teacher, <i>Bonnie J. Krause</i>	52

Frame Photo: O-Henry’s Restaurant in East Bend is famous for its fried pies from its owners’ fruit orchard. Photo by Cedric N. Chatterley.

Front Cover: Amanda Crowe. Photo courtesy of Jan Brooks and Lane Coulter Crowe/Coulter Manuscript Collection.



Editor's Foreword

By Philip E. “Ted” Coyle

For many of us, folklore is more than a hobby or pass-time. It is about something deeper. In opposition to the cartoon-like images propagated through mass-media popular culture, we focus on the real human relationships that are sustained and enriched through the creative performance of tradition. We resist the dissection of our lives into alienated realms of “work” and “play,” and instead try to make the expression of genuine and enduring meanings part of everything we do. Folklore, for us, is something that makes us human, and so the nurturing of folk traditions—whether at work or at play—also feeds the better parts of our human spirit.

This issue of the *North Carolina Folklore Journal* explores this perspective through studies of folklore and work in North Carolina. The heart of this issue emerged from an initiative of Joy Salyers, the Executive Director of the North Carolina Folklife Institute, to highlight a collection of some thirty-thousand photographs held by either the North Carolina Folklife Institute or the North Carolina Arts Council. Working with curator Liz Lindsay they—along with students from a continuing education course at the Center for Documentary Studies—created an exhibit at the Durham County Public Library entitled “Portraits and Landscapes of Traditional Labor.” As Salyers put it to me, “North Carolina has a strong focus in occupational folklore, and the ways we make a living here in North Carolina are of great interest both to folklorists and to the state’s residents and workers, whether we’re talking about farming or

Frame photo: Trees. Photo by Cedric N. Chatterley.

furniture-making, tobacco or textiles.” To continue to explore this connection, Joy Salyers also brought together a collection of essays that would also consider the relationship between work and folklore. The result is an exciting group of writings published here about the exhibit, about North Carolina laborlore legend Archie Green, about sweet potatoes as both commodity and community value, and about the changing fishing industry in North Carolina.

In addition to these essays, this issue also includes two others that coincidentally also reflect this interest in folklore and work. Bonnie Krause provides an insightful review of the life and teaching career of Cherokee wood-carver Amanda Crowe. Amanda Crowe is a pivotal figure in the history of Cherokee art. Her approach to teaching wood-carving was not only to connect students to their cultural heritage, but also to provide them with a livelihood that could sustain them as working members of their Cherokee community. Ted Malone also returns in this issue with a remembrance of his friend Malcolm Fowler, who spent his life working, living, and “lying” in a way that will be familiar to many folklorists.

With this issue we also welcome Leanne E. Smith as Assistant Editor of the *North Carolina Folklore Journal*. Leanne has an MFA in Creative Nonfiction from Goucher College and teaches at East Carolina University. Her thesis is a history of the Green Grass Cloggers, who she learned about through ethnographic research as a member of the group. Our next issue will feature some of her writings about this famous group of dancers and musicians.



Remembering Malcolm Fowler

By E. T. Malone, Jr.

Malcolm Fowler is a man it pleases me to remember.

He was never particularly successful in the ways that the world measures success. He was not highly organized or efficient. He did not amass a large fortune, create a family dynasty, make great scientific inventions, or publish huge scholarly books or historical novels. Yet Malcolm Fowler, small businessman and amateur historian, always remained strictly devoted to one goal, and for setting that example I will never forget him.

To tell the story of the Highlanders from Scotland and their tragic, comic, heroic, rowdy, poetic, lonely, yet vigorous and stirring adventures in settling the upper Cape Fear region of North Carolina during the 1700s was Malcolm Fowler's life work.

It seems almost necessary to offer his ghost an apology for describing him as an "amateur" historian, for the term amateur nowadays tends, unfortunately, to have a negative connotation, to imply that the person so described is an ill-prepared and uninformed novice. Malcolm Fowler, born October 25, 1901, in Harnett County, was an amateur, instead, in that highest sense of the word, one who has another vocation but who has a strong and abiding interest in a special study or activity.

E. T. Malone, Jr., an independent scholar, lives, writes, and draws in an 1899 house, Erratic Manor, in Warrenton, NC. Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Scotland Neck, he also serves on the board of Cherry Hill Historical Foundation in Warren County.

Frame photo: Cypress Presbyterian Church, in western Harnett County near the Moore County line. Photo by E. T. Malone, Jr.



Malcolm Fowler. Photo courtesy of E.T. Malone, Jr.

Malcolm devoted himself to local history, to the history of a particular limited region. Ironically, such study is becoming more respectable with professional historians these days, but during most of his lifetime the merely local historian was looked down on. In one sense, therefore, he was a man ahead of his time in his ability to recognize the value in local studies.

I mentioned earlier that he was not highly organized or efficient. During his lifetime Malcolm produced only one slim book, *They Passed This Way*, published in 1955 as a kind of “armchair” history to celebrate the Harnett County centennial. It was an anecdotal narrative, full of tall tales and without footnotes. If he stretched the truth, or wove whole cloth into the mantle of history, you forgave this natural storyteller instantly because he made it so interesting to read. Maybe the Baptist minister did have his nose bitten off in a furious fight in old Aversboro town. Maybe Felix O’Neal could convert a quart of brandy to a pint without taking the bottle from his lips. Per-

haps little Arch Buie the piper and big Red Neill MacNeill the sailor lived in these woods and shores just as Malcolm painted them for us.

All the while, Malcolm let it be known, he was collecting material for his real, most serious and important study, a history of the so-called Argyle Colony, the group of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders who settled on the Cape Fear in 1739.

My personal impressions of this man, who immersed himself in the span of years, spring ironically from my recollection of only two days in my life, two days about twenty years apart—one during my childhood and one during my young adulthood.

Few people know that Malcolm Fowler and my father, the late E. T. (Ted) Malone, were once in business together. How they met I don't really know, but both served with the U. S. Navy during World War II. My dad, a high school English and history teacher before the war, saw action as a lieutenant aboard landing craft in the Pacific; Malcolm, a skilled electronics and radio repairman, had taught radar courses to submarine crews at New London, Connecticut, after special study at Columbia University.

About 1948, when I was five, my family moved from Raleigh to Lillington and resided in the old, two-story white wooden Lillington Hotel, directly across the street from the original office of the *Harnett County News*, where Henderson Steele printed his weekly paper on an antique flatbed press. I recall watching a black man in a white coat kill chickens for the hotel dining room; the steep unpaved gravel street that ran downhill toward what was later the county Board of Education offices; and retired Sheriff Salmon, Mrs. Salmon, and others who sat in rockers on the upstairs balcony and talked into the late afternoon as I sat at their feet.

Malcolm and my father decided to open a furniture, radio, and appliance business in Coats, which they incorporated as Fowler-Malone Company, and in 1949 my family bought a home in Coats, where my two brothers and I were to grow up. Well—neither of these two men were intended by the good Lord to manage financial matters or to think in terms of hard-nosed, money-grubbing profit making. I don't know exactly why they parted, but the Fowler-Malone Company lasted only about one year.

Nevertheless, Malcolm and Daddy remained friends. So it was that sometime in the early 1950s, one lovely, cool day in late fall or early spring, Daddy and Malcolm took me with them on a day-long ramble to local historic places. Now, this is the sort of outing that the real, dyed-in-the-wool local historian loves above all else. With

no prissy, particular folks along, male or female, we could really do some serious trail-blazing into the most snakey, grown-up, deserted old places imaginable. And we did.

We drove to Buckhorn Township, the legendary “Hills of Buckhorn” that Malcolm brought to life in his stories, and found the ruins of the blast furnace of the iron mines that furnished raw materials for the guns and railroads of the Confederacy. He showed us where the old stone locks were built along the banks of the Cape Fear River in the 1850s to allow steamboats to navigate all the way up to Haywood, where the Haw and Deep rivers intersect. We saw Raven Rock and its unusual vegetation and rock outcroppings, long before anyone dreamed that it might someday form the nucleus of a state park.

Then we drove on, over into Lee County to the site of the famous Egypt Coal Mines, and Malcolm showed us the strange brick and metal structures abandoned in the forest, and the vine-covered pit filled with water that contains the bones of miners who died in a long-ago accident far beneath the surface. I suppose I must have been about eight or nine, and it was one of those rare days that an impressionable boy carries in his memory forever.

My father died in 1960. I went off to college, then to the Army, and, after I was married, I returned to Harnett County as editor of the *Dunn Dispatch* in 1969. One of the first things I did was to join the Harnett County Historical Society, and there was Malcolm, still talking, still telling his rambling, rowdy yarns about the old Scottish settlers.

I went away to Chapel Hill for some graduate study but came back in 1972 as editor of the *Harnett County News* and was soon back in the historical society. Along then, the Harnett County Historical Society was a small but colorful organization. I recall particularly two Campbell College history professors, Vernon Stumpf and Conard Gass, both now dead, who always attended. Gass, a wise and compassionate man, appreciated Malcolm more, I believe, than did Stumpf. Ed Cameron, from western Harnett, Lillington attorney and former state senator L. M. Chaffin (a visit to whose dusty old office upstairs downtown was like traveling back in time), high school history teachers Si Harrington of Erwin and Buddy Brown of Coats, and Buddy’s sister Sue Brown—these are some of the names that stand out, although there were many other active members.

Malcolm and Mr. Cameron had taken a trip to Scotland to do “research,” where they no doubt had a conversation with a ghost in some ruinous castle. Campbell College had a series of Celtic Stud-



The old Sam Johnson Inn on N.C. Hwy 24-27, the Old Salem Road, which ran from Salem to Cross Creek, present-day Fayetteville, NC.

ies conferences in which Malcolm was an interested participant, although his eternally undocumented but insistent pronouncements were an embarrassment to Professor Stumpf, who believed in footnotes and probability. My mother's own opinion of Malcolm's lectures was "Lies, all lies!"

Presbyterian minister James Donald MacKenzie, former pastor of historic Barbecue Church, used to drop in on us, dripping Scottish phrases and wailing on his bagpipes his favorite tune, "Fuaimnich agus Cradh Eagalach." And somewhere along this time an important figure of one of the Scottish clans visited the county, which gave him a greeting fit for a returning king. Malcolm, in a kilt, escorted him as if he were the minister of protocol.

In this way, as an adult, I was reintroduced to Malcolm Fowler, now a man of 70 but still quite active.

And to close out my acquaintance with him, we had a second one of those historical rambles. It was another lovely day, this time a Sunday afternoon in whatever month it is that watermelons are ripe. The group of latter-day antiquarians consisted of Malcolm, Ed Cameron, Si Harrington, Buddy Brown, and myself. We piled into a jeep and spent the afternoon exploring about in remote places in the western part of the county—old chimneys far off the road, where Malcolm would speculate on who once lived there; the heaps of papers in the attic of the abandoned Harrington post office; an old hotel at Spout Springs, a boom town that fizzled; several Presbyterian churches, including Tirzah at Summerville, Barbecue, and Cypress; and an inn that once served travelers on the plank road to Fayetteville.

The highlight of the trip was near Cameron's Hill when we walked deep into the quiet woods to the site of a house, long ago vanished back to nature, where legend says the Scottish heroine Flora McDonald briefly resided. Almost unnoticed among the pines grew a solitary rosebush with a few small, scraggly blooms. This rose, claimed Malcolm, was a type popular in 18th-century Scotland and brought over by the Highlanders to America. Perhaps he was right. It was, he intimated, likely planted by Flora herself—a circumstance, thought I, not beyond the realm of possibility.

A few miles away we saw the scattered bones protruding from the sandy, dune-like location of the colonial massacre of the Drowning Creek Indians. They lay about as if stirred by some giant hand in a sand and bone pudding. I scooped up a skullcap, chin bone, a tooth, and a finger bone into a small glass jar.

Our last act of that sunny day in the country was to pile out of the jeep and raid a farmer's watermelon patch. "This is the place. Turn in here and drive back a ways," Malcolm ordered. Naively, I inquired whether Malcolm knew the owner of the field. "Well, sort of," he answered slowly as he reared back comfortably in the late afternoon glow and spit out a few seeds. "Besides. Wouldn't that make you a good yarn for the newspaper? Five so-called upstandin' gentlemen, school teachers, editors, county historians, and the like, slapped in the county jail for thievin' watermelons!"

I could imagine writing my story from behind bars, maybe even in poetic form, just like Sir Walter Raleigh scribbling away in the Tower of London.

Malcolm Fowler died on January 13, 1980, at the age of 78. In 1985, the N. C. Society of County and Local Historians, of which he was a past president, named a publications award in his honor. And one year later, his sister, Wynona Fowler of Raleigh, published his long-neglected manuscript, 30 years in the making, as a book called *Valley of the Scots: A History of the First Scottish Settlers in North Carolina*. The text was colorful, lively—history brought to life with gusto as only Malcolm could do it. But it was disappointingly brief—only 86 pages—only about three pages a year to show for all that time. But I understood. It was all in cabinets, stuck back in drawers and files, half of it in his head, but never put onto paper. Some lost, sadly, in a bottle.

We cannot always live our lives exactly as we would wish, or produce all that lies within us for others to see and admire. But Malcolm was surely welcomed into the shadowy company of all those old Highland pipers, rascals, poets, and riverboat men. His heart, on earth, had been with them always.



North Carolina at Work: Cedric Chatterley's Portraits and Landscapes of Traditional Labor

By Joy Salyers

In April 2012, farmer, poet, and essayist Wendell Berry delivered the 41st Jefferson Lecture for the National Endowment for the Humanities. Berry argued that the long-term hope for our nation's health is to cultivate communities of "stickers"—people who are not motivated by profit above all, but "are motivated by affection, by such love for a place and its life that they want to preserve it and remain in it."

North Carolina is full of such communities—workers who want to succeed and prosper, while also remaining connected to their heritage and to the places they call home. They farm, and they feel in the shallows for clams. They feed us, and they pray over us. They encounter the land directly as they dig for clay, cut timber, or gather walnuts for dyeing.

The North Carolina Folklife Institute preserves and promotes the state's wealth of traditional arts and cultures, and connects state folklife with other issues of public concern. Currently, the Institute is engaged in projects to document and promote the diverse traditions of North Carolina; help communities leverage heritage assets for community-based development; and strengthen the capacity of organizations dedicated to traditional arts and cultures across the state. We hope you will help make our resources more available to researchers and the public by volunteering your time or making a donation. Learn more at www.ncfolk.org.

Frame photo: Ray and Walter Davenport fishing in the Albemarle Sound (detail). Photo by Cedric N. Chatterley.



Lena Ritter, an 8th generation oysterer and clammer works in Holly Ridge. Photo by Cedric N. Chatterley.

Some workers have found ways to profit from their traditions—showing customers the beauty in objects made an older way, or developing tourism around heritage sites. Others are struggling with what seems a choice between maintaining traditions and earning a living.

The photography exhibit *North Carolina at Work: Cedric Chatterley's Portraits and Landscapes of Traditional Labor* hopes to foster conversations about these working relationships with identity, community, the public, and the land in our current economy. Our main goals for the ongoing exhibit are threefold: to highlight rich archival holdings in North Carolina folklife, to create a model for meaningful public programs based on documentary arts, and to underscore the connections between traditions such as occupational folklore and current issues of public concern.

The exhibit offers a glimpse into the rich collection of North Carolina stories and images that the Institute is honored to steward—the state's folklife archive containing more than 30,000 of these images, as well as hundreds of recordings, publications, and historical documents resulting from decades of folklife documentation in the state. The exhibit selects images from the thousands of photos made during twenty years of collaboration between the photogra-

pher Cedric N. Chatterley and the North Carolina Folklife Institute, the North Carolina Arts Council, and individual folklorists.

Born in 1956, Cedric Chatterley received his MFA in Photography from Southern Illinois University in 1987. Thousands of his documentary photographs are archived at the North Carolina Folklife Institute. His photographs are also being collected in the Archive of Documentary Arts at the David M. Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Duke University. Though he has lived in South Dakota for more than a decade, his deep ties to North Carolina bring him back to work and visit often. His photographs have been exhibited internationally, and appear in many books, including several that he co-authored. He works exclusively in film, and builds large-format cameras, often in collaboration with folk artists whom he then photographs with their shared creations.

Chatterley values opportunities to spend time with the people he photographs—spending whole days on the job with them, sharing meals, attending worship services, and often developing friendships that last long after the photographic project concludes. His abiding interest in people's whole lives brings even greater depth to the images, and the mutual rapport he shares with the people he photographs is manifested in the sense of communion that shines forth from his pictures. The unexpected angles and framing of his images bring to light the grace of everyday places, as well as the beauties and idiosyncrasies of the people with whom he works.

And Chatterley is only one of many noted photographers commissioned to make images of North Carolina folklife by the North Carolina Arts Council and the North Carolina Folklife Institute. When I began work as the executive director of the Folklife Institute in September, 2011, I was blown away by the contents of this archive, as well as what these images and sounds say about our state's long-term commitment to documenting its traditional cultures. I wanted more people to know about this body of work and a photo exhibit seemed a natural way to start. But finding a focus amidst tens of thousands of photos was a formidable task. I hired folklorist and curator Liz Lindsey to help shape the exhibit, and almost at once Liz suggested work as a theme. Work—we all do it, and in our current economic moment, it's on everyone's minds. Despite choosing a theme, and deciding to focus on one photographer in the collection, Liz still had thousands upon thousands of images to look through.

Many of the photographs were commissioned as part of the North Carolina Heritage Awards, a program created by the North

Carolina Arts Council to recognize outstanding traditional artists with a lifetime achievement award. Others were part of the North Carolina Arts Council's groundbreaking work connecting local traditions with heritage tourism through such initiatives as the Blue Ridge Music Trails and the Cherokee Heritage Trails. We were intrigued with following this example of connecting folklife to matters of public concern by moving the images out of their original contexts to see what they might say together about current issues. We were struck also by the interplay between people at work and the environments in which that work takes place, particularly the land.

A grant from the Mary Duke Biddle Foundation and a partnership with the Center for Documentary Studies at Duke University enabled us to print and frame 25 images. As we investigated exhibit spaces, Liz was adamant—and I agreed—that we bring the art to a public space rather than to a gallery. We looked at public buildings, even the county employment office, before deciding upon Liz's idea to partner with the Durham County Main Library. This led to a two-floor exhibit that ran from April 29 to June 29, 2012. Liz and I also co-taught a continuing education course through the Center for Documentary Studies that walked students through all the decisions involved in creating an exhibit. They helped with the final edit (a class session that Chatterley visited, each photo prompting another story about the people and day portrayed), learned how to mat and frame, and helped to hang the exhibit. One student said it was the most valuable class she'd ever taken.

We decided on an unusual approach to the photo captions. As a collection, the photographs highlighted the diversity of the physical landscape and traditional labor in North Carolina. Each photograph was only one moment of one story—behind each one lay many experiences, many facts, and also many questions. Therefore, the captions for this exhibit occasionally related directly to the images; more often they connected the immediate subjects of the photos to different voices in that rich context, such as others' oral histories, a Broadway musical, and state regulations, as well as viewers' experiences and ideas.

Visitors shared what the exhibit evoked for them in the guest book. They wondered whether we have lost a sense of the value of "real work." They connected honorable work to honorable lives. They saw the photographs as an "honest and interesting window" that touched deep roots of our state. One viewer commented, "Can't



Workers pick apples at the Orchard at Altapass along the Blue Ridge Parkway. Photo by Cedric N. Chatterley.

remember which ancient said, ‘We are what we repeatedly do.’—Good work, Good life. Really enjoyed these photos.”

The success of *North Carolina at Work* has led to further opportunities. The North Carolina Folklife Institute, in partnership with the NC Arts Council, teamed up with the Just Plane Art Program at the Charlotte Douglas International Airport to bring a version of the exhibit to the airport’s departures/ticketing area from August 2012 through January 2013. Thanks to Liz Lindsey’s experience curating and fabricating traveling exhibits, our decisions from the beginning had considered potential travel, from print size to lightweight frames. For the airport exhibit, we crafted a slightly smaller version of the exhibit, wanting a jewel-like wall that would entice travelers with a little time to wander over and learn more about our state’s traditional arts. For a public with quick turnover and varied familiarity with North Carolina’s landscapes, we created very short and simple captions that identified the location, the person at work, and a fact or piece of their story. We also included a QR (quick response) code that, when scanned with a smart phone, took viewers to the Folklife Institute’s web site for more information to peruse at their leisure.

Thanks to a grant from the Creating New Economies Fund of the Resourceful Communities Program, the Folklife Institute will work this year with local communities in the state to create distinct



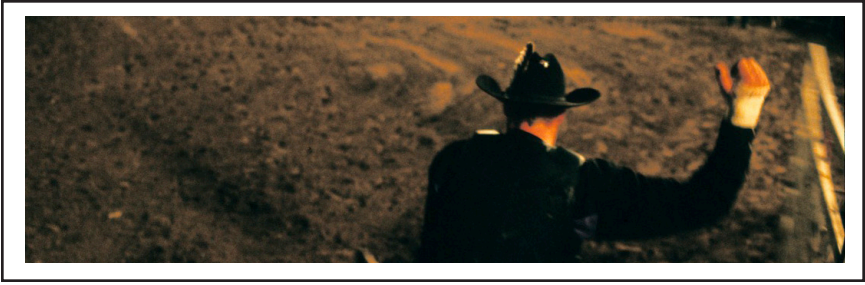
The Drexel barbershop is as famous for its backroom music jams as it is for its hair cuts. Photo by Cedric N. Chatterley.

incarnations of the *North Carolina at Work* exhibit, to find public and diverse exhibit spaces, and to create meaningful programming that explores the role of the environment in traditional labor. In the belief that conservation of the environment and conservation of our traditional arts and heritage practices often go hand in hand, we will help each community design unique programming that connects regional traditional occupations to community and environmental health.

The North Carolina Folklife Institute hopes to continue this model in the future—highlighting products from folklife documentation and working with North Carolina communities to connect the dots between traditional arts, documentary work, and public programming. We encourage other folklorists, community groups, and arts organizations to think similarly. How can the oral histories we collect, the photographs we teach school children to take, or the folklife surveys we conduct live on in new and meaningful ways in public discourse?

In the broadest context, we started this project in a Presidential election year and another year of global economic crisis. Issues of health and healthcare, energy and resource use—and above all jobs—are very personal for us as individuals, North Carolinians, and U.S. residents. Arguments about the best route to prosperity high-

light disagreement about what prosperity really means for individuals and communities. The photographs in *North Carolina at Work* will continue to show us how the people of North Carolina, and the work we do, are integral to the beauty and prosperity of our state.



The Photography of Cedric N. Chatterley

By Libby Rodenbough

Cedric Chatterley is a documentary photographer, but at times he seems to share a mind with the musicians—many of them jazz and blues masters—who have appeared in his photographs. When he talks about making pictures, he uses expressions like rhythm, mood, playing to the audience. You get the impression that he senses timing and composition viscerally; he can feel it, hear it.

“I try not to pay much attention to what is called the ‘decisive moment’ while making photographs,” writes Chatterley. “Rather, I’m often more drawn to the moment that happens on either side of the decisive moment. I liken this approach to music—or the feeling I have when listening to music that draws me in. A lot of jazz and some blues drummers will often play just slightly in front of (or just behind) the beat, and this to me is more interesting music. There can be an odd combination of being both unsettled and moved in a familiar way.”

Chatterley brought his musical sensibility with him when he first came here, decades ago, to record the lives of North Carolinians. And it was with him when he began work on the *Blue Ridge Music Trails Guidebook*, a publication sponsored by the North Carolina Arts Council that details sites, venues, traditions, and musicians that recall and propel the musical heritage of that region. Though his career has familiarized him with the technical challenges of photography without the luxuries of the studio, Chatterley had to make particular

Libby Rodenbough is an undergraduate student majoring in Cultural Studies at UNC-Chapel Hill.

Frame photo: Rodeo (detail) by Cedric N. Chatterley.

adaptations for this project in order to capture movement—bodies, feet, bows, picks—in the low light of dancehalls and outdoor mountain evenings. But the added challenge, as he explains, also lent the resultant photographs an air of the scenes they sought to illustrate.

“I had to use my camera lens wide open a lot of the time, and this would create a shallow depth of field, which I like very much. Sometimes the shutter speed would be low enough that I would get a little blur in the image if there was much movement at all. This creates a feeling of movement/action which I think is so much a part of bluegrass and old time music performances. Quite often I would pace myself with the band or performer during a live performance so I could make the image when I knew the timing would lend itself to the better visual image.” In *Rodeo*, one of the pieces from the *North Carolina at Work* exhibit, the same kind of blur bespeaks the wild motion of bull riding.

Chatterley has come to a fondness for low-lit settings because they force him to understand light as a precious resource. Employed thoughtfully, a sliver of light in a dark room can be striking. This is the case for some of the other *North Carolina at Work* photos; in *Tobacco*, a beam of light cuts through the still shadows of a small tobacco barn to illuminate the leaves in Robert Dotson’s hands.

Thirty years of deep study on light’s interplay with film have deterred Chatterley from going digital—he even makes his own film cameras. The endeavor began as a whim, an exercise in the creation of his own machine, and he continues to experiment with quirky designs for cameras (like one he made out of an old accordion). But the craft has also become an indispensable part of his work as a photographer, a conduit for exchange with the other people who are involved in that work. One Minnesota artist, Karen Jenson, embellished a camera Chatterley made from an old wooden nightstand with a Scandinavian painting technique called *rosemaling*; he then used that camera to make photographs of her.

It’s unsurprising that Chatterley’s creative project evolved into a channel for collaboration; the intersection of art and human interface underlies the course of his career. You will never hear him use the phrase “take a picture,” with its imperialistic implications; he would say that he makes them. Like many artists before him, Chatterley has come to the understanding that his work cannot be personally fruitful without partnership, nor will his photographs speak to audiences the way he wants them to unless they benefit from the contribution of voices besides his own. He recognizes that his own



Tobacco, by Cedric N. Chatterley

intentions (however well-reflected upon) and faculties (however extensive) can only go so far.

This is evident throughout Chatterley's body of work. Many projects have developed beyond his original designs into richer, fuller collections merely because he's interested in people's lives, and not just one aspect thereof. In 1994, Robert and Myrtle Dotson received the North Carolina Heritage Award for flatfooting and buck dancing, traditional western North Carolina dancing styles. When Chatterley went to make portraits of the couple, he ended up following them around their tobacco farm, snapping scenes of their lives that had little ostensible connection to dancing. *Tobacco*, from *North Carolina at Work*, was one result of that unplanned footage.

One of his projects, *Olive Branch*, spans the nearly three decades of his relationship with friend Mark Fisher and consists of journals and handmade cameras in addition to photographs. The two met while Chatterley was in graduate school in Illinois when Fisher approached Chatterley to photograph broken objects in his home. Ever-receptive to potential fortuity, Chatterley agreed and thus embarked on a long—and continuing—relationship that has yielded some of the most distinctive photographs of Chatterley's career.

A gut feeling, too, drew him to bluesman Honeyboy Edwards in 1990. A longtime blues fan, Chatterley heard Edwards play at a festival in Chicago and subsequently spent seven years accompanying the musician on nationwide and international tours and trips home to Chicago. His relationship with Edwards undoubtedly contributed to the development of the photographer's musician-like consciousness. In the introduction to an exhibit of his photos of Edwards, Chatterley writes, "From him I learned that there is a rhythm, a cadence, and a particular way in which time and sight and sound and memory—expressed and unexpressed—are inseparable when they come together to shape an image, whether that image is delivered in the form of a song, photograph, or any other form of expression."

Another anecdote from Chatterley's work in North Carolina demonstrates the same sort of consciousness, and his gnawing desire to use his own instrument to get deeper, closer to the action. A few years ago, Chatterley was photographing Maceo Parker, funk and jazz saxophonist from Kinston, NC, who played with James Brown and George Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic. "We brought him up to the second floor of the Kinston Arts Center and set up in a large room with high ceilings and tall windows," Chatterley recalls. "[Folklife Institute field worker] Sarah Bryan held a large reflector disk on the other side of Mr. Parker and I basically straddled his saxophone while he wailed away. The window light was all we needed, and I got in as close as I could and opened the lens fairly wide and used a relatively slow shutter speed, given the situation. He played loud fast for several minutes—enough time for me to blast through 5 rolls of film. I'd like to think we were on the same page while he played, or maybe that's just my imagination."

It's no stretch to believe that Chatterley has begun to inhabit a saxophonist's mentality. Making cameras from accordions and adapting his photographic approach to a bluesman's sensibility, it is clear that he seeks inspiration outside the conventional confines of his field. Nowhere has he found it more abundantly than in the people he has come to know through his pursuit of photographs that do not take or capture but rather seek to explore the soul of a thing.

"Making photographs of the many fine people and places in North Carolina has left a positive and lasting impression on every aspect of my life, and I want to thank everybody for their participation. It has truly been an honor for me." — Cedric N. Chatterley



On the Horizon: Emerging Trends in North Carolina's Seafood Industry

By Susan West and Barbara J. Garrity-Blake

"I go to sleep at night wondering whether I'll be able to go to work tomorrow," said Buxton gillnetter Dale Farrow. "I started fishing when I was twelve, bumping around in the creek here, and I'm not trained to do anything else" (West, "Plight" 2). Farrow jostled his boat, *Miss Geraldine*, into the queue of fishing boats waiting to unload at Jeffrey's Seafood in Hatteras. The atmosphere on the fishing docks was electric after a good day of fishing for the fleet. Men shouted out to each other over the noise of gurgling diesel engines, clambering conveyor belts, and a rhythmic clink as workers shoveled ice into fish boxes; a noisy backdrop to the daily theater that plays out in fish houses all along North Carolina's coast (West and Garrity-Blake 69).

The bustling scene masked the worry that comes during the quiet nighttime hours. Commercial fishermen, contrary to their guarded,

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Frame photo: Seasonal tourists select freshly-caught seafood at the Full Circle Crab Company in Columbia, NC. Photo courtesy of Susan West and Barbara J. Garrity-Blake.

tough demeanor, are optimists at heart, rolling with the mean seas, stiff winds, and running tides that can be part and parcel of another day on the water. But that resiliency is put to the test when matched up against man-made forces that are quickly rearranging the watermen's world. Hit with layers of increasingly stringent regulations, low fish and shellfish prices, and high fuel costs, fishermen face an uncertain future and many count themselves as an endangered species. Only 42 percent of North Carolina fishermen believe they will still be fishing ten years from now, according to a North Carolina Division of Marine Fisheries study (Crosson 17). And even if the current generation of fishermen, 50 years old on average, successfully maneuvers through political cross-currents and economic storms, the long-term future of the industry is still far from certain because few young people are stepping into fishing boots these days (Crosson 9).

The landscape along the state's creeks and rivers tells the story. Caribbean-colored vacation homes, gated communities, and high-end condominiums swallow waterfront land that once cradled fish houses—the rough-hewn, weathered buildings where fishermen unload their catch for packing and shipping to wholesale markets. In the last decade, North Carolina lost 36 percent of its fish houses, according to a North Carolina Sea Grant study (Garrity-Blake and Nash 9). Every time a fish house closes, another rung in the business model that has supported the industry for decades gives way. Fishermen are left with no market, no place to dock their boats, and no place to unload their catch.

There was a time when such a scenario was inconceivable. In fishing communities such as Sneads Ferry, Harkers Island, Engelhard, and Wanchese, the whole community harvested or processed fish, mended nets, or built boats. Although most fishermen now have at least a high school degree, as late as the 1970s boys typically dropped out of school to fish, earning impressive money even by today's standards. Thirteen-year old Jimmy Rose of Harkers Island told anthropologist Marcus Hepburn in 1978 that he planned to drop out at sixteen because “you don't have to have schooling to fish—all you got to do is read enough to get your boating license” (Rose 5).

In recent decades fishing families have taken nothing for granted, as they see their fate hanging on matters beyond their control: market forces erupting out of Asia, unfriendly politics spun in lavish conference rooms, and an out-of-kilter marine ecosystem where the migratory patterns and abundance of fish are changing in response to warming waters and acid rain. In the shadow of this uncertainty



Fresh N.C. shrimp for sale at the Garland's Fresh Seafood Inc. of Brunswick County, NC. Photo courtesy of Susan West and Barbara J. Garrity-Blake

fishermen are sorely aware of their cultural identity as fishermen and what they stand to lose. Fisheries managers can attest to hearing this narrative repeatedly: "Fishing is in my blood. My father fished, and my father's father... this is our heritage."

Yet fishermen are a stubborn and innovative lot, skilled at adapting and adjusting in order to stay on the water. "We might go down, but we'll go down swinging," said Wanchese fish dealer Billy Carl Tillett (West, "Wanchese" 22). When regulators threatened to prohibit trawl and haul nets for sea turtle protection or to better conserve undersized fish, fishermen stepped up to design and modify excluder devices for their gear to better target specific fish while protecting other sea life. Fishermen have taken a remarkably active role in working with scientists to collect better information on the health of marine resources. But the loss of working waterfronts posed a new sort of challenge.

When the last fish house in Ocracoke closed in 2005, the town stood on the precipice of losing not only revenue but also its identity as a small, coastal fishing village. With no wholesale market on the

island, fishermen had to truck their catches of flounder, sea mullet, and other fish by ferry to fish houses in either Hatteras village or Cedar Island. Tacking on more hours to workdays that already ran from sunrise to sunset resulted in some fishermen stowing their gear and boats and looking for other work. With the situation growing more ominous, commercial fishermen and charter-boat captains came together to organize the Ocracoke Working Watermen's Association, a nonprofit that raised funds and secured economic development grants to buy the long-term lease on the property where the last fish house stood.

"The entire community was behind us, holding fish fries, concerts, and all sorts of other events to raise funds," said Ocracoke fisherman Hardy Plyler (West, "Plight" 3). The nonprofit association now runs Ocracoke Seafood Company, a wholesale and retail seafood business on the Silver Lake site. Some of the catch still finds its way into the global seafood market via major wholesalers and distributors at Fulton Fish Market in the Bronx, one of the world's largest seafood markets, second in size only to the Tokyo market. But more and more of the product is used locally, either by island restaurants featuring local seafood on their menus or by customers visiting the on-site retail outlet. Plyler credits retail sales as the sector of the operation that propelled annual sales at the fish house from \$383,589 in 2006 to \$921,454 in 2010 (Ocracoke Working Watermen's Association).

Like the Ocracoke fishermen, Eddie Willis of Harkers Island decided that the best strategy to compete in a global economy was to diversify. "I saw that the days of volume was over with and the old way of fishing was going away," Eddie reflected. "If I didn't change, I was going away with it" (Snyder). When the last fish house on Harkers Island closed in 2005, he decided to take matters into hand. He opened Mr. Big's Seafood, a retail shop on the island in front of his mother's house. This allowed him to sell his catch directly to the public for a better price than he could get from a wholesale dealer.

Many in the seafood business see opportunity in the national "local foods" movement, a consumer-driven emphasis on organic, localized food systems as opposed to industrialized, processed foods. According to a recent study, numerous seafood wholesalers who have seen steady or improving business in the past five years have entered into retail sales, opening their doors to an increasingly savvy public willing to pay more for fresh, wild-caught fish just pulled from the sea rather than transported half way 'round the world. Four local

branding programs (Carteret Catch, Brunswick Catch, Outer Banks Catch, and Ocracoke Fresh) have emerged in North Carolina to educate consumers as to where they can find restaurants and retail shops offering fresh, local seafood.

"My motto is, 'fish so fresh it bites!'" said Keith Bruno of Endurance Seafood in Oriental, pointing to live flounder held in tanks from which customers could choose. "I try to educate the public that only a tiny fraction of imported seafood coming into the U.S. is inspected, and half of that rejected" (Bruno). National publicity about salmonella and E.coli outbreaks, and widespread media coverage of inadequate inspection of imported seafood, has resulted in more consumers asking about the origins of seafood. In 2009, the federal Food and Drug Administration tested only about 0.1 percent of all imported seafood for contamination with antibiotic and pesticide drugs used in some overseas fish farms but not approved for human use in the United States (U.S. Government Accountability Office 21).

Consumers not only want to know where their food was caught or grown; more people are mindful of supporting local economies rather than multi-national corporations. A 2008 survey of North Carolina seafood consumers found that supporting local fishing communities factored into the purchasing decisions of 94 percent of respondents (O'Sullivan and Anderson). Still, marketplace competition with low-cost, imported seafood remains a daunting challenge. 86 percent of all seafood consumed in the U.S. in 2010 was imported, according to National Marine Fisheries Service (Voorhees and Lowther 63). The impact on North Carolina's seafood industry has been devastating. Blue crab picking facilities have declined from 45 certified plants in 1982 to just 11 in 2011. A Hyde County crab processor reported getting \$18 per pound for crabmeat until Venezuelan product entered the market at \$5.40 per pound cheaper. Shrimp prices today are comparable to 1960s prices when adjusted for inflation (Garrity-Blake and Nash 19).

Meanwhile fuel prices and other expenses continue to increase, and state and federal fisheries agencies place more restrictions on where fishermen can fish, when they can fish, what gear they can use, what species they can land, and how many fish they can harvest. With no regulatory relief in sight, fishermen are digging deep into the resourcefulness that has always buoyed coastal communities. If regulations dictate that fewer fish can be landed, every fish that comes across the deck of the boat must fetch more money.



Tourists, seasonal residents, and commercial fishermen celebrate the annual Blessing of the Fleet during the Day at the Docks in Hatteras. Photo courtesy of Susan West and Barbara J. Garrity-Blake.

Borrowing a page from the small farmers' survival handbook, Eddie Willis and his wife Alison decided to further diversify their Harkers Island seafood business with a community-supported fisheries program called Core Sound Seafood. Community Supported Fisheries programs (CSFs) connect fishermen directly to the seafood eating public, bypassing wholesale dealers, retail shops, and grocery stores. Eddie's customers pre-pay him for weekly "shares" of whatever he or his fishermen-partners harvest within a given fishing season, so that the seafood goes directly from the boat to the customer's plate. He and Alison deliver the seafood at designated drop-off points convenient to their mostly inland and urban clientele. "These guys work hard," said a customer of Core Sound Seafood. "If they're willing to drive all the way up here from the coast to bring the fish, I'm willing to buy it from them" (Snyder).

"We guarantee from the time we get it, it's cleaned and ready for the pan in 36 hours or less," Eddie said. "The quality is there." The couple also provides a newsletter to customers that updates them on fishing news, offers seafood preparation techniques, and provides traditional and modern recipes. "We take a dollar off every meal and put it in an account to help fishermen with their gear or other problems," Eddie added, providing inland customers a sense of giving back to the community that feeds them. Most important is the higher prices a CSF commands for a smaller and more select catch of fish. "What I bring home now and make a living out of, my dad and granddad would slip back overboard as tee-total scrap, not worth getting the boat dirty," he reflected. Core Sound Seafood's fish are iced the minute the net is pulled from the water and packaged with care to ensure top quality that commands a fair price. "We get a big week's work out of it," Eddie said (Willis 7).

In Hatteras, Vicki Harrison began preparing and selling value-added products, like seafood enchiladas and fish cakes, in the line of items offered at her family's small seafood shop. The Harrisons built the shop in 2008, largely as an investment in their son Graham's future. "If all the fish houses close, at least he'll be able to sell some of his fish here," said Vicki. Graham was only a few years old when he started begging to go on the *Prowler*, the family's 32-foot workboat, with his father. By the time he was fifteen, he owned two skiffs and was making payments on a third. Always showing hands-on ingenuity, the boy once used a bicycle to launch one of his boats.

"We had pulled my boat 'cause a hurricane was coming. Then the weather got calm and my dad went in the ocean, so he couldn't help me," Graham explained. "I got my buddy to help, and we tied the bike to the trailer and launched her at the ramp." Now in his early twenties, Graham continues to commercially fish in the ocean and in Pamlico Sound, and when commercial seasons close, picks up a job as a mate on a charter-boat (West, "Young Man" 27).

The Harrisons' seafood shop is near the village waterfront where an annual celebration called Day at the Docks is held in September. The event grew out of a keen awareness of just how critical commercial fishing is to the village after Hurricane Isabel severed the highway on the island, cutting off road access in 2003 and devastating the local tourism industry. Commercial fishermen were able to get back to work within a few days, arranging for their catches to be trucked from the village via ferry; seafood was virtually the only sector of the economy able to bring income to Hatteras for months.

“The situation was reminiscent of the past. Commercial fishing was the only game in town,” said Ernie Foster, owner of the Albatross Fleet, three boats that carry recreational anglers on chartered trips to popular fishing grounds (Foster). Day at the Docks draws tourists and island families to the waterfront where freshly scrubbed and painted fishing boats are docked, fishermen compete in net hanging and other skill contests, and local chefs show visitors how to prepare fish and shrimp dishes. Fishing boats of all colors and stripes, including the historic shad boat that carries the memorial wreath, steam out to Pamlico Sound during the annual Blessing of the Fleet, while the sound of prayers and poems delivered through marine radios echoes across the village. Older fishermen gather at picnic tables and reminisce about memorable hauls of fish taken off the beach or from the sound in the 1970s and 1980s. The gray-haired men also commiserate about the current state of fisheries and the newest fishing regulations, predicting that the end of commercial fishing is near.

“If I listened to every old-timer who tells me how good it was in his day, and that it’s a dying industry, I would quit,” declared Nathan Everett, a young man from Bath who borrowed money to have a boat built and fished it out of Hatteras to save fuel expenses. “I have to make this work—I have too much invested.” Nathan differed from many of his older colleagues, as he was not “born into” fishing. He came from a farming family, but decided as a child he liked fishing crab pots better than picking tobacco. His fiancée earned her MBA from the University of Virginia and together the couple talked business, not heritage. “I wish people could understand the incredible amount of money that flows from fishermen—we spend so much on gear, bait, maintaining our engines—we make a lot but we put out a lot,” Nathan said. “Fishing is a business, and we’re keeping the cash flowing in these communities” (Everett).

A North Carolina legislator heading up a study committee on fisheries recently declared that he didn’t think the state could afford to continue “subsidizing” the seafood industry (Shutak). This comment stunned Nathan and other watermen because, unlike agriculture, there are no subsidy programs supporting the industry; in fact, commercial fishermen are notorious for valuing their independence and turning a wary eye to any kind of government intervention.

The perception that fishermen are an economic liability rather than an asset has been advanced by some in the recreational fishing industry who argue that banning commercial fishing nets and des-

ignating popular species like red drum, speckled trout, and striped bass as “game-fish” would be a boon to the state’s economy, fueling growth of leisure and tourism businesses.

Fishermen tend to be regarded more as “tradition bearers” carrying on a fading heritage, and less as skilled, innovative business owners who provide quality food to consumers. Yet this “Old Salt” relic-of-the-past image is woefully out-of-touch with the resourcefulness and adaptability characteristic of the seafood industry, as well as the changing face of coastal Carolina, where the sons and daughters of watermen do not enter fishing as a career of last resort, but make a deliberate decision to become food producers. Fishermen like Eddie Willis, Hardy Plyer, and Nathan Everett forge ahead with new market strategies aimed at food security, health, and connecting consumers to the people and places that produce their food. Contrary to rumors of their demise, a new generation of fishermen-entrepreneurs is doing what it takes to secure a place in the future.

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“Music All Over the Ocean”: Voices from the Menhaden Industry’s Last Days

By David Cecelski

An extraordinary community project, called “Raising the Story of Menhaden Fishing,” has recently commemorated the central role that the menhaden industry played in Carteret County, North Carolina, for generations. Inspired by the 2005 closing of Beaufort Fisheries, the state’s last menhaden factory, this undertaking involved a series of community forums, school events, and documentary projects. Led by cultural anthropologist and local fisheries activist Barbara Garrity-Blake, the project’s organizers worked hand-in-hand with former menhaden fishermen and factory workers to create a unique community-wide period of reflection on the passing of a way of life. They also received vital support from the staff and volunteers at the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum and Heritage Center on Harkers Island, especially the museum’s founding director, Karen Willis Amspacher. Together, their efforts stirred an outpouring of local interest in the history of the menhaden industry, a lively debate on the causes

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Frame photo: Menhaden boats, Beaufort, N.C. Photo courtesy of Steve Goodwin

of its demise, and a great deal of soul searching about the future of commercial fishing on the North Carolina coast.

I followed “Raising the Story of Menhaden Fishing” with great interest. As the guest of Dr. Garrity-Blake and Ms. Amspacher, I first attended a community forum at Ann Street United Methodist Church in Beaufort, the seat of Carteret County. At that event, hundreds of local residents gathered to tell stories about the fishery’s glory days. Later, I joined Dr. Garrity-Blake at Beaufort Middle School, when former menhaden industry employees Lee Crumbacker, Lionel Gilgo, and Ernest “King” Davis enthralled Ms. Josie Boyette’s 7th-grade class with stories about their fishing days. Finally, Dr. Garrity-Blake shared with me an extraordinary group of oral history interviews that, as part of the project, she recorded with individuals who had worked in the local menhaden industry. Over the course of that year, she had talked with menhaden fishermen and factory workers everywhere from the Piggly-Wiggly in Beaufort to Frazier Town Road in Harlowe, the backside of Cedar Island to the oldest fishermen’s homes in Black Cat. In those interviews, she has given us a poignant and unforgettable glimpse at the local menhaden industry’s last days. At her invitation, I would like to take this chance to share a little of what I heard in those interviews.

Nobody could listen to these oral history interviews without being impressed at what the menhaden fishery meant to Carteret County. Listening to them, you hear a lot about the “the smell of money.” Jule Wheatly, the last owner of Beaufort Fisheries, told Dr. Garrity-Blake how his grandfather purchased the company’s mortgage during the Great Depression. The company and every one of the county’s banks had gone bankrupt after the Crash of ‘29, but his grandfather and other leading citizens recognized that they had to do something to keep the menhaden business alive. At that time, there were probably seven or eight menhaden factories in Beaufort and Morehead City. Menhaden catches formed the state’s largest, most profitable saltwater fishery, and the little town of Beaufort was the center of the Eastern Seaboard’s menhaden fleet.

For generations the oily little fish were the town’s lifeblood. Many local people worked on the fishing boats; many others worked in the “fish factories,” where they dried and processed the fish not into food for human consumption but primarily into fertilizer, fish oils, animal feed, and key ingredients in paints, pharmaceuticals, and other consumer products. In his usual, understated way of saying things, commercial fisherman Jonathan Robinson called Beau-

fort “the Constantinople of the menhaden industry.” If you did not work for one of the menhaden companies, you likely sold them groceries, refit their boats’ engines, or made the burlap bags for their fish meal. At the community forum at Ann Street United Methodist Church, a retired grocer came to the open mike and recalled the autumn days when 75 or 100 pogie (menhaden) boats docked on Front Street on Saturday nights, each with a crew of 18 to 20 men. He remembered how the grocers in town worked all night stocking the boats for the next week. “That was a lot of groceries,” he said.

Ernest “King” Davis’s story was typical of what the industry’s wages meant to local fishermen and fish factory workers. A resident of North River, an African American community north of Beaufort, he left school when he was 15 years old and went menhaden fishing for Piggy Potter at Beaufort Fisheries. “It was hard work, but that’s what I had to do,” he testified. He fished for 41 years and became one of the most respected first mates on the East Coast. He not only sent all five of his own children to college, but he helped to raise and educate nine younger brothers and sisters as well.

Delilah Bryant, whom Dr. Garrity-Blake interviewed at her home in Craven Corner, a rural settlement of Harlowe 12 miles northwest of Beaufort, remembered how townspeople greeted the menhaden fishermen in her family. When she was a child, her father and several other family members worked at Harvey Smith’s menhaden factory. When they went shopping in town, she recalled, some of the people would say, “Oh, you all stink.” The aroma of the fish, the fish oil, and the fishmeal was, indisputably, rather strong. At the time, though, her father did not blink an eye. He would only say back to them, “That’s money you smell.”

Those men and women talked about the menhaden industry changing in many ways over their lifetimes. There were new technologies: motors on purse boats, power blocks, hardening rigs, spotter planes, fish pumps, nylon nets, steel boats, and many more. The way of doing business changed, too. Things got more corporate, unions made headway, and state and federal governments enacted a raft of environmental regulations, just to name a few. But through it all, I could hear two things in the men’s voices: a love for menhaden fishing—master net mender Lee Crumbacker said it well: “it grows on you like a barnacle on a pole”—and a fierce pride in their craftsmanship. Crumbacker put it right out there: the guys at Beaufort Fisheries “were the best at everything we did.” And he added: “It wasn’t a job—it was a way of life.”



Menhaden fishermen hauling in a catch.
Photo courtesy of Steve Goodwin.

When the menhaden industry's former employees describe the craftsmanship of William Bryant, Delilah Bryant's husband, in the fish oil room, or of Levi Beveridge, who was Lee Crumbacker's mentor in Beaufort Fisheries' net shop, or, for that matter, Crumbacker himself, they do not sound as if they are describing old guys working in a smelly, antiquated, broken-down fish factory. They sound as if they are remembering artists with a genius for what they did with boats, nets, and oil.

Their reverence for the older generation is evident in their voices. From Jule Wheatly to the factory's handyman, they all spoke with reverential pride of William Bryant's gifts as head of the factory's oil room. He "turned out oil that was 99% pure, the best in the business," I heard again and again. Lee Crumbacker, speaking of net mender Levi Beveridge, declared unequivocally: "He was the best there ever was." He also said, "He was like a father to me. All the old

men down there were like that to me—old-style, good people.” Then Crumbacker paused and said, “I helped put them in the ground.”

Likewise, Bobby Chambers, a young ring-setter from Morehead City who fished for Standard Products, said, “I was taught a lot of things by the older fishermen that experienced fishing back when they had the wooden boats, and when they had to pull the nets by hand and salt the nets. I’ll never forget the stories that they told me.” Recalling his menhaden fishing days, when he worked six months a year in the Gulf of Mexico and was back home the other six months, he went on: “To sit back and hear those guys...at night, you pretty much forgot about the hard day. Everybody would...play cards or sit around and eat fish or talk fishing stories or tell a few stories that weren’t true, but, you know, it was all fun. And then at the end of the season...you hated to leave, because the guys were going in their direction and you were going in yours, and...[you were] just hoping that [you] would see these guys next year.”

Almost to a one, they came out of menhaden fishing families. Milton Styron told Dr. Garrity-Blake that he started menhaden fishing with his dad and his brother Buddy when the boys were just 6 or 7 years old. “We weren’t big enough to do the job, but we grew into it,” he said. They fished for the old Morris Brothers menhaden factory in Davis, in eastern Carteret County, and worked aboard a sharpie, the *Lala G*. Now in his late 80s, Styron swore that “he loved to do it the best of anything in the world”—more than any other kind of fishing. Similarly, Capt. David Willis, who grew up in Lennoxville, just outside of Beaufort, dropped out of high school and started menhaden fishing with his father. “My daddy would carry me out when I was little,” he said. “It kind of stuck.” Now working in the Gulf of Mexico, Capt. Willis is in his 52nd season of menhaden fishing.

The factory was the same way. Delilah Bryant recalled that her father worked at Beaufort Fisheries and at local industry leader Harvey Smith’s menhaden factories in New York and Louisiana. She married a gentleman, William Bryant, who became the legendary master oil man at Beaufort Fisheries. Four of their children also worked in the industry. Similarly, Johnny Simpson, the last foreman at Beaufort Fisheries, grew up in Black Cat, just outside Beaufort, when his father was foreman there; he started his own working life in the factory’s cookhouse when he was 14 or 15 years old. Simpson’s wife, Sue, ran the cookhouse and raised her children there. She and her kids often slept on the cookhouse’s second floor at night so that she could prepare the “midnight supper” for the factory workers and

then get up at 5:30 AM to make biscuits for their breakfast. "I liked it because it was a family thing," she recalled.

The feeling of family went beyond blood kinship, too. "We were like a big family," Johnny Simpson's sister, Tish Tickle, reminisced, and she meant the whole operation at Beaufort Fisheries. Lee Crumbaker echoed her words. "It was like a big family," he said. No wonder that he took it so hard when the factory, the state's last menhaden factory, closed five years ago. "I've lost my home," he explained to the children at Beaufort Middle School. That day at the school, one of the children asked Crumbaker how he feels when he passes the old factory now. He did not sugarcoat his answer: "I drive by and it tears my heart out," he said.

The sense of family in the menhaden business was not limited to Carteret County, either. As Jonathan Robinson put it, the menhaden industry was "a boundless community of fishing people." Menhaden fishing was a thread that connected coastal towns from Maine to Texas. The stories I heard in Dr. Garrity-Blake's interviews brought to life all the other historic fishing ports where Beaufort's boats carried local men. I listened to tales of hurricanes in Empire, Louisiana; water spouts off Sabine, Texas; girlfriends in Pascagoula, Mississippi; and sharing apartment complexes with Cuban, Portuguese, and Swedish fishermen in Port Monmouth, New Jersey. The guys married young women in Lewes, Delaware, had babies in Apalachicola, Florida, and bailed cousins out of jail in Reedville, Virginia. News spread quickly among the menhaden fishing towns, too. "It was almost like you were in the same town," Lee Crumbaker recalled.

The hardest part of menhaden fishing, I heard over and over again, was spending so much time away from families. "I never got used to leaving my family," Bobby Chambers said. He went on to explain: "Because after six months, you'd come home for six months and it seemed like time would go by so fast, then all of a sudden you had to leave again. And to leave your family was pretty much a hard thing...My daughter has graduated from college [and] my son is getting out of high school, so...they can look back...now and say Daddy did what he did to take care of us,...because I just hated to see them cry when I would leave...But they understand now."

One of the highlights of the oral history interviews was the way that Randy Jackson, the maintenance man at Beaufort Fisheries, meticulously described the factory's inner workings. Listening to his words, you can conjure up the sight of William Bryant in the factory's oil room, Elwood Willis in the "dump house," Zeke Murrell

in the press room, “Old Man” Willard running one of the cookers, and Ross Goode and Sherman Nolan in the scrap house. (“He was a tough man, buddy,” Jackson said of Goode. He described Goode standing in the steam like a ghost, a lit cigarette in his mouth.) Goode’s son, Theodius, worked in the tool room and did odd jobs around the plant, while Lee Crumbacker ran the net house, joined, in later years, by Nadine Benevides. The plant’s machinery was so old and dilapidated that they often could not find replacement parts, so a fellow named Jim Bertram made all the parts by hand. Jackson’s words really make the old place come to life. He even described the factory’s cats, which, like the men and women who worked there, also had to find new homes when Beaufort Fisheries closed.

There was of course no shortage of stories about hard work in these interviews. “It was a man’s job, believe me,” Bobby Chambers testified. “Out there it was hard because you had to get right back up from sunup to sundown. As long as the sun was up and the plane spotter could spot fish, you would fish.” (For the last half century, the menhaden industry had employed small planes to locate schools of fish and steer their boats toward them.) In the Gulf of Mexico, it was often hot; in North Carolina waters, it was often cold. “At night we were so tired we couldn’t sleep,” King Davis recalled. “We’d stay up and make up chantey songs.” He remembered days so cold that, in his words, the ropes “would cut your hand so you could see the bone and not feel it.” At night the fishermen rubbed alcohol on their hands to get the feeling back in them.

Before the days of power blocks and hardening rigs, the captains needed big, strong men in the net. “These were real men,” Lee Crumbacker emphasized. Working the nets offshore, where most of the fishermen were African American, often seemed a Herculean task. But the factory was no picnic, either. Randy Jackson, the former maintenance man at Beaufort Fisheries, said “it was hard and nasty. You had to like it to stay there. When you had to do something like fix a raw box chain, [you’d find] maggots, chain grease, fish oil, spider webs.” When the head of the factory’s dump room, Elwood Willis, “walked across the floor, you could hear the maggots crackling under [his] feet,” Jackson recalled. “But,” Jackson also said, “I can tell you that he loved it.”

I also heard stories that sent chills down my spine. Every menhaden fisherman recalled a storm where they lost a friend or thought that they had lived their own last day. Many recalled a particular storm. When Dr. Garrity-Blake visited with Elvin Jones, Andrew

Reels, and King Davis at the North River Volunteer Fire Department, they all remembered a day in 1963 when they were on the *Shinnycok*. Waves as high as a building would not let the boat cross the Beaufort Bar and reach the safety of the harbor. They all thought that they would never see home again. Water had come across the hold and the boat was underwater. "Crew was hollering and screaming," Davis, the first mate at the time, said. "I told them it was alright, but I had already given up."

Capt. Bill "Collard Green" Lewis recalled a night on the *Lynn Ann* when he was trying to fight his way back from Ocracoke Inlet. It took him 16 hours to get home in fierce winds and high waves. That night, another menhaden boat out there with him, the *Amagansett*, turned over in the waves. "There's things that happened that I wake up in the night just scared to death, re-living some of the things I lived through," he told us at Ann Street United Methodist Church. "In some of those squalls in Louisiana," he said, "I'd wish I was a potato farmer in Idaho."

Another incident that stood out for me was something that happened to Lee Crumbacker in the fall of 1974, before he started mending nets. He had been working on the *Atlantic Queen* in Chesapeake Bay and she was headed back to Beaufort when a cold front came through and stirred up 15 to 20 foot seas with hardly any warning at all. They had just seined a big set of menhaden off Rodanthe, a resort beach on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, but the storm came on so quick that Crumbacker was caught in his purse boat and could not get back to the steamer. (The purse boats are smaller watercraft deployed in pairs by the menhaden boats to encircle a school of fish with the net, called a "purse seine," and draw it close.) The wind and waves drove both purse boats into the breakers. "I had already given up," he told Ms. Boyette's class at Beaufort Middle School. "I remember thinking there are all these people up there on the island at restaurants and motels and they're having a good time, and I'm going to die," he said.

Many of the menhaden fishermen had a way with words. One that comes right to mind is Worth Harris, a 96-year-old fisherman from Cedar Island, a remote community surrounded by sea and salt marsh 35 miles northeast of Beaufort. Born in 1913, he remembered the coming of the first gasoline engines on menhaden boats. Nobody could ever forget the way that he described the sail skiffs of his youth and what it was like to travel in them with only the noise of the wind and the rigging. Mr. Worth spent most of his life gill netting,



Menhaden Chanteymen. A group of former menhaden fishermen, performing traditional chanteys at a “Raise the Story of Menhaden Fishing” event. Photo courtesy of the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum and Heritage Center.

pound netting, and oystering in and around Cedar Island, but he used to help out in the sail loft at Harvey Smith’s menhaden factory in Beaufort every fall and winter as well—and he has a poet’s heart.

Bobby Chambers, the fisherman from Morehead City, does, too. He had an especially lyrical way of describing the small moments in menhaden fishermen’s lives in a way that got close to the heart of things. “It was really, really hard work,” he remembered. “But looking back over it, I really appreciate every day of it. I’ve seen a lot of stuff and been in places...that I’ll never forget. Some things you cannot always record down or write down, but in your mind you’ll never forget these things. And I really got to see beautiful stuff, [things] on the water that God had created.”

And then of course there was the music. The fishermen mostly stopped singing their legendary chanteys with the introduction of power blocks and hardening rigs in the late 1950s and early 1960s, but those songs have remained a powerful memory for all who ever heard them. As a child, the first thing I ever heard about the menha-

den industry was my mother's stories about those chanteys. She grew up in Harlowe in the 1920s and '30s, when Highway 101 was still a dirt road. Many of Beaufort's African American fishermen lived in Harlowe, particularly in a reclusive community just across the county line called Craven Corner. As they drove oxen and carts down 101 on their way to Beaufort, the menhaden fishermen sang the same songs that they sung as they hoisted the nets onto their boats. Early Monday mornings, long before first light, my mother would wake up in her bed at the sound of those beautiful, haunting songs and listen to them as the fishermen moved through the darkness and toward the sea.

In their interviews with Dr. Garrity-Blake, the menhaden fishermen talked about those chanteys in much the same way as my mother. King Davis told her how they would sing all night long just to keep their minds off the cold and hurt. It "just seemed like music was all over the ocean," he said. Capt. David Willis spoke of the chanteys in much the same way. He remembered singing with the bunt pullers when he first started in the business. "There was just something about those chanteys. They made the hair rise up on the back of your neck." A long-deceased neighbor in Beaufort, Capt. George Lewis, once told him that when he sang the chanteys he felt as if he could push his foot through the purse boat. "That's the way I felt, too," Capt. Willis said.

Those songs have not been heard on a menhaden boat in a long time, but older people from around here still remember them. On cool autumn days, you could sometimes hear them on shore coming across the water. They filled the air and stirred the heart and got deep inside your bones. And if you heard those songs, like my mother did when she was a little girl, you never forgot them or the way that they made you feel. It is hard to put into words, but it was not just the beauty of the melodies or the men's fine voices, but the appearance that the music was rising right out of the sea. Beyond the chanteys' gospel strains or the raunchy, sassy lyrics—because they sang both kinds of songs—you could hear something more: their fierce sense of brotherhood, a feeling of family, their children's tears when they went away, their wives and girlfriends' hugs when they came home, the storms that nearly took their lives, the cold ropes that cut their hands to the bone, the pride that they took in their work, and, as Bobby Chambers said, the joy that they found in "the beautiful stuff..., [the things] on the water that God had created."



Sweet Potatoes

By Jefferson Currie II

When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands. Deuteronomy 24:19.

Driving down the rural roads of counties like Nash, Wilson, Johnston, and Sampson in eastern North Carolina during the late summer, the flat, sandy loam fields surrounding you look overrun with vines. Sweet potatoes are cousins with the morning glory, and at first glance, these fields look overgrown with that bewildering volunteer. The sweet potato has long had a problem with being confused with other plants. Growing up, folks always seemed to call that baked sweet potato dish—the one with marshmallows or pecans or brown sugar on top—yams; many still refer to “moist flesh” varieties as yams and “dry flesh” varieties as sweet potatoes. But it isn’t so. Yams are an African tuber and sweet potatoes are a Central and South American root; they aren’t even in the same family, scientifically speaking. Sources say that when sweet potatoes were brought into the United States during the early days of the colonies, the word, yam, was based on the Portuguese or Spanish name, both derived from multiple West African words for the staple crop, yam, such as the Felani word *nyami*. Americans adopted the word yam, and today, those two

Jefferson Currie II is a folklorist and a member of the Lumbee tribe.

Frame Photo: Sweet Potatoes, by Leanne E. Smith

words—sweet potato and yam—are interchangeable in most parts of the southeastern US.

Best grown where it is hot and humid, sweet potatoes thrive in the dirt you find in North Carolina east of I-95, sandy and loamy, rich in nutrients with few rocks or clay to impede the growth of the swollen roots. This good land in eastern North Carolina produces enough sweet potatoes to make the state the biggest grower in the country. The North Carolina Sweet Potato Commission advises new commercial growers that “Sweet potatoes are very susceptible to damage at harvest; therefore hand-harvest is preferred over mechanical harvesting” (“Cultivating and Harvesting”). Low paid workers do the arduous labor of that harvest, flooding the fields with buckets to pick the plow-dug potatoes by hand. During harvest time, school buses with the tops cut off speed down country roads with dozens of crates stacked and packed full of potatoes. The workers are usually seasonal, moving their labor from place to place as crops come off through the summer and fall.

Vollis Simpson is best known in North Carolina as an artisan who builds massive windmill whirligigs out of scrap metal at his shop outside of Lucama in Wilson County. But Mr. Simpson, 93, is also a retired building mover, repair shop owner, and farmer. He leases some of his good sweet potato land to local farmers, and it frustrates him how farming these days has lost its way, sacrificing land and people for the bottom line. Mr. Simpson talks about how the farmers plow when it's too wet, ruining the land, but what really upsets him is how some of the sweet potato farmers plow under their fields after they have harvested the potatoes they want.

More produce is left in the field than you might ever imagine. When people go the grocery store these days, they encounter lined-up rows of perfect vegetables, similar in size and shape. The farmers know that the companies want uniformity, but the sweet potatoes grown in fields in eastern North Carolina aren't uniform. Some sweet potatoes are as skinny as a finger—a tapered sliver of a root—and some are almost as big as your head—knotty and gnarled into a massive ball. Folks won't buy these sweet potatoes at the grocery store so the farmers tell the workers just to leave them in the fields.

Nowadays, there are many community and national organizations that coordinate gleaning efforts to rescue unharvested produce, whether sweet potatoes, tomatoes, or greens. One of the best known is the Society of St. Andrew, a Christian organization that recruits volunteers to glean farmers' fields and distributes the harvest to the

poor. In North Carolina, its regional Gleaning Network has provided more than 139 million pounds of fresh produce to the state's people in need since 1992 ("Society of St. Andrew North Carolina"). But in eastern North Carolina, long before these formalized efforts, it used to be that people around the community would come by and glean these roots, digging them and taking them home to cure for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Some folks have even begun to sell the leftover potatoes they gather to people around the community for a little extra cash. But farmers have begun to turn under these cast-off sweet potatoes as soon as harvest is over, uncomfortable with the idea that folks are getting a free meal or some extra cash, especially when it means cutting into their bottom line.

It is hard to find good statistics on how many farmers actively thwart gleaning efforts. Gleaning organizations do not want to alienate potential donors, and not supporting feeding the poor doesn't provide the best public relations message for farmers. However, a USDA case study, "Lessons From USDA AmeriCorps Summer Of Gleaning," published as part of a citizens guide to food recovery, admits that the two biggest obstacles to getting farmer participation in gleaning are worry about liability and concern about profit (MacLachlan 11). I believe that most North Carolina farmers consider helping people out with the basics as the way it should be, but it gives me pause when some have let profit pull their plow.

Traditional work has always operated to some extent outside of the monetary economy. Traditional craftspeople use found and reclaimed materials, whether digging clay for pots or carving trees downed by storms. An element of barter and exchange is common; we all know stories of farmers paying the country doctor with fresh produce, or the preacher with a home-cooked meal. And a balance of profit motive and concern for community is as traditional as the labor itself. In biblical times, care for community was encoded explicitly into the law. The Seder Zeraim (or Order of Seeds) is the first order of the Mishnah, the first major work of Jewish Law. One of its tracts concerns obligations to the poor, including rules about gleaning and the practice of the *pe'ah*, or corner, in which the corners of a field must be planted but left for the poor to harvest. In rural North Carolina, concern for the poor and hungry is not a law, but it's one of those things that is just a part of life.

I lived with my 90 year-old great-aunt, Alice Strickland, when I was in college, and she would often tell me about growing up in a Lumbee sharecropping family during the early twentieth century.

On one of the farms they worked when she was a girl, there was another family that lived nearby. Aunt Alice told me how that family was struggling, a widowed mother raising six or seven kids on her own. They worked the same farm with my aunt and her family, but because most of the kids were young and unable to tend the fields well, they could never raise enough crops to break even. With no money for essentials, and little time or money to grow a garden or raise livestock to feed themselves, my aunt told me the kids were missing meals for much of the year. Instead of letting the family suffer, my great-grandparents let the woman know that they could come by anytime for a meal. Sensing that the woman was proud, my aunt said her parents told her and her siblings to clear out of the house after breakfast so that the neighbor's oldest child could come in the kitchen and gather up the food that was left in the pie safe. For a long time, I thought this was strange—that whether work was to be done in the fields or not, my aunt, her parents and siblings left the house so that the neighbors could eat. Both families went to such lengths for pride. Thinking about it all now, I understand it a little better. Nobody wants a handout, to feel like you can't provide for yourself or your children. This family was doing what many of the organizations and individuals who harvest left-over sweet potatoes do, trying to provide while preserving dignity. As a culture, do we just exalt those who rise individually according to talent, or are we all in this together? Maybe it's just both. We can get ahead, make money, and create a life that is comfortable for ourselves and those we love, but we can also use our position, our place in our community to help those around us. We can use that good sweet potato land to help sustain those who need it the most.

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*Archie Green:
The Making of a Working Class Hero*
By Sean Burns

Reviewed by Sara Bell

In March of 2009—a week before Archie Green passed away—he sat down for an interview with folklorist and radio host Nick Spitzer, who asked him to talk about San Francisco. Green had spent the first part of his adult life on the city’s docks as a laborer and union activist, and had returned to San Francisco after decades of moving around the country learning, teaching, collecting, and lobbying for the practice of folklore and its place in American life. Green replied,

[San Francisco] is willing to accept the fact of cultural mix. It is willing to give gays, lesbians and queers and minorities, African American, Latin American, Oriental American, political power. There is a kind of willingness or tolerance to live together in San Francisco and, hopefully, we can spread that throughout the country. I am concerned that say a county in western North Carolina or eastern Tennessee has the

Sara Bell graduated from UNC-Chapel Hill with an MA in Folklore in 2011. She continues to be inspired by the life and work of Archie Green and hopes to use folklore to “bear meaningfully on today’s struggles.” She is currently working on a documentary about Sadlacks, the venerated Raleigh watering hole that has brought workers, intellectuals, and artists together for over four decades.

Frame photo: Cover of Archie Green (detail). Photo courtesy of University of Illinois Press.

highest percentage of Bush voters of any county in the United States. I'm not worried about San Francisco, but I'm worried about Sullivan County or Jones County and what can be done in those counties to change American Life.

What can be done, Green recognized, is to celebrate cultural diversity, to fight for participatory democracy, and to promote the notion that tolerance enriches society and directly improves the lives of its citizens. Sean Burns's decision to include this interview in the epilogue of his new biography, *Archie Green: The Making of a Working Class Hero* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2011)—as a coda to his remarkable history—attests to the generosity of spirit and devotion to pluralism that Green demonstrated throughout his ranging professional careers: pluralism as a foundation not just for cultural vitality, but also for a resilient democracy. An influential public and academic folklorist (an uncommon dual identity itself), he was no less a union organizer and Congressional lobbyist, heavily influencing passage of the American Folklife Preservation Act in 1976. For Green, folklore and activism were not only compatible, they were inextricable.

In what sort of foundry is a working class hero like Archie Green forged? Burns explores the path by which Green came to embrace his unique brand of leftist, anti-communist politics and faith in New Deal democratic reforms. Considering this distinctive political disposition, Burns poses the book's central question: "How did Green's left anti-communism combine with his particular aesthetic ideology to produce convictions about vernacular music and cultural pluralism?" Burns celebrates Green's legacy as a maverick scholar and champion of worker's culture as he explores his trajectory from working-class Los Angeles to the halls of the U.S. Capitol, making careful studies of U.S. labor unions, the social and political underpinnings that girded the sixties folk revival, and modern folklore scholarship in the process. He contextualizes this history within four phases of Green's life and legacy: his boyhood and later politicization in college; his pre- and post-war years as a young husband and father learning the shipbuilding trade and participating in union activities; his transformation from an avid record collector into an academic and public folklorist; and the significant and as yet under-

recognized impact his work has had on cultural studies, folklore, and labor history.

Archie Green came to his pluralist sensibilities by birth and upbringing. His father, a Ukrainian Jew who participated in revolutionary activity as a teenager during the 1905 Bolshevik Revolution, felt a sense of “solidarity with other castes.” The family moved from Winnipeg to Los Angeles in 1922, when Archie was five years old, and Burns depicts their modest home filled with leftist literature, where his mother never turned a hungry hobo away, and where Archie and his two sisters were raised with a secular Jewish sensibility grounded in social justice and cultural engagement. Their neighborhood was populated by Mexican, Japanese, and Southern and Eastern European immigrants—many of whom had fled revolutionary struggles for new lives in America, with strong beliefs about social reform and political organizing in tow. Green encountered radical anarchist and Marxist perspectives as he listened to their political discussions, and he relished the music, festivals, and dances of this diverse group of neighbors.

Burns contends that Green’s inclination to identify and wrestle with thorny issues, incubated in this environment, would prove to be a lifelong characteristic. As a college student in the mid-1930s, he joined the Young Communist League, but after his group conducted a Stalinist-style show trial to condemn one of their members for being a Trotskyite, Green distanced himself from the Communist Party and developed an enduring loathing for communism and its political manifestations. He cultivated his own brand of democratic syndicalism inspired by the organization of the Industrial Workers of the World (Wobblies) and his experience working in the New Deal’s Civilian Conservation Corps.

Green’s working life and union activism coincided with a momentous era for labor in the United States. In Burns’ view, understanding the history of labor in twentieth century America is crucial to understanding Archie Green, and much of his book serves as a comprehensive labor historiography. He outlines workers’ struggles, organizational structures, political allegiances, infighting, and ideological hostilities that often stymied goals of solidarity. Green witnessed these conflicts from the inside as secretary for the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America (UBCJA), to whom he paid union dues until his death. Green’s distaste for the Communist Party grew as he observed its influence over certain American unions that had been modeled after Soviet hierarchical



Archie Green in San Francisco. Photo by Robert Cantwell.

methodology, pursuing disingenuous methods for gaining support. Through accounts of Green's allegiances and quarrels within the labor movement—such as his faithful devotion to Scottish shipbuilder and union leader Benny Carwadine during acrimonious battles with Communist Party-backed John Green and Harry Bridges—Burns provides a balanced account of early twentieth century labor history's victories and failures, painful racism, exclusion, factionalism, and political power plays that fractured alliances in the struggle for workers' rights.

Green's hatred for communism resonates in his subsequent folklore scholarship and underlies his critiques of the 1960s folk revival. Part 3 of Burns' book chronicles Green's efforts to unite his years as a laborer and union man with his longtime hobby as a collector of American vernacular musical forms. He saw a need to document "industrial folksongs," a term he borrowed from A.L. Lloyd, and he turned starboard into academia to explore ways he could share his reverence for the culture of workers and expand folklore scholarship to include 'laborlore' studies, a term he invented to cover the language, lore, songs, stories, and craft of working people.

His foray into folklore scholarship often put Green at odds with his contemporaries, as Burns demonstrates through a series of fascinating anecdotes. He argued with Pete Seeger—who unsuccessfully

tried to convince Green to contribute articles to *Sing Out!* magazine—over Seeger’s failure to denounce Stalin. He viewed artists like Joan Baez, Phil Ochs, Bruce Springsteen, and Bob Dylan as gate-crashers whose appropriation of folk songs was watering down society’s textural diversity. To Green, their mass popularity and participation in the market-driven record business made them ineligible for classification alongside regional folk artists like Aunt Molly Jackson or Sarah Gunning. Burns does suggest that Green might have felt upstaged by the sudden wash of enthusiasm for folk music—which to that point had been the realm of “dedicated underground eccentric[s]”—and that his “qualitative” notion of authenticity was aligned with his larger, idealistic vision of a pluralistic society.

Green’s problematic objections to the folk revival raise a question familiar to folklorists today: what is authenticity? Is one artist’s studied manipulation of music to suit a particular vision or purpose any less genuine than another artist’s choice to rework an old tune in the creation of a new ballad? If folk music’s captive hold on Americans in the mid-twentieth century stemmed from the yearning of immigrant children and subsequent generations to cultivate their own American identities through aspects of existing American folkways, was it not available for anyone to claim? Burns handles the pricklier inconsistencies in Green’s ideological moral code with fairness, scholarship, and compassion. Ultimately borne of his life as a union man and worker, Green’s instinctive sense of the “now” of folklore—a sense that vernacular culture is a continuous, thriving expressive form found in urban areas as well as in the rural “antique”—contributes to modern folklore’s acceptance of modernity as sustainable and to dialogue that positions folklore as a worthy course toward creating social justice and a more tolerant democracy. His influential body of work contributed to the interdisciplinary nature of modern scholarship and an expanded conception of what qualifies as folklore.

Burns calls Archie Green a “borderland” character, one well suited for the fringe territory of folklore itself. He was a worker-scholar who believed in the intellectual value of workers and their vital role in a participatory democracy. Green himself saw his role as civic and moral in nature. As an acolyte of B.A. Botkin and Robert Winslow Gordon—scholars of the progressive era who demonstrated ways that folklore scholarship could illuminate the struggles of marginalized populations by promoting their creative expressions—Green’s influence has real resonance for social justice work today. His clear

moral vision and fearlessness should inspire emergent folklorists who are called to apply the stories, songs, art, and lore of any group to expose injustices in their communities. It was distressing to read that, toward the end of his life, Green felt that he had failed to motivate workers to take up cultural studies, and he bemoaned the proliferation of modern unions that do little more than log grievances. Though he claimed, in that final interview with Nick Spitzer, to ascribe to “an anarchist philosophy,” his belief in the democratic process fueled his lobbying efforts in Washington, D.C., which led to the eventual passage of the American Folklife Preservation Act. The Act institutionalized folkloric practice and provided measurable revenue for states and municipalities to preserve the treasures of their regional cultures.

As I try to condense this important biography about an extraordinary man into a handful of paragraphs, I find it noteworthy that Green specified rural western North Carolina as an area of the United States in serious need of San Francisco’s brand of tolerance. Our state voted by an overwhelming margin in May 2012 to amend our constitution with a law that bars same-sex couples from the right to marry. It’s the sort of discriminatory, monistic act that Archie Green would have lamented, and it is his vision that urges public and academic folklore to “bear meaningfully on today’s struggles.” If you need any further inspiration to answer his call, I recommend this book.



Passing on the Ancestors' Tradition: Amanda Crowe, Woodcarver and Teacher

By Bonnie J. Krause

Born in 1928 on the Qualla Boundary of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians, Amanda Crowe began carving at the age of four-and-a-half on tree roots that she found in a plowed field. Later, in fifth grade, her uncle Goingback Chiltosky tutored her in his wood-working shop. She had found her life force and professed, "I carve because I love to do it." Sent to high school in Chicago so that she could attend weekend classes at the Art Institute, she followed her talent to a masters degree concentrating in sculpture in clay, plaster, stone, metal, and wood. She discovered that wood was her favorite medium: "To me wood is the most pleasurable to the touch and the most responsive to tools. The grain challenges me to create objects in three dimensions, and I find a strong pictorial content in the color of wood which is most beautiful in appearance...I find great pleasure in finishing a carving. With each coat of clear finish, the color, texture and grain markings develop more clearly" (Sculpture).

Bonnie J. Krause is a researcher from Asheville and the retired director of the University Museums at the University of Mississippi. She is the author of several articles on crafts, folklore, and ethnic history. She thanks Deb Schillo in the library of the Southern Highland Craft Guild for her assistance with this article.

Frame photo: Amanda Crowe and her students at the 1956 Craftsman's Fair. Photo by Edward DuPuy, Jr. Courtesy of the Archives of the Southern Highland Craft Guild.

Crowe followed her school studies with a John Quincy Adams fellowship for foreign study with José de Creeft at the Institute Allende in San Miguel, Mexico. De Creeft, born in Guadalajara, Spain, in 1884, studied sculpture in 1896 and then traveled to Paris to work. In 1915, he began carving directly in stone and wood, becoming one of the first to do so, rather than work in the accustomed sculpture method of creating a clay model and casting it in bronze or other metals. By 1929, de Creeft immigrated to New York City where he taught at the Art Student League, founding his own studio in Chelsea. He continued to teach throughout his life as well as exhibit his own work and was a recognized Spanish-American artist.

With Crowe's love of wood carving, it was not surprising that after her studies with José de Creeft, she returned to the Qualla Boundary to share her passion with others of her tribe in 1953. The Cherokee Historical Association funded her teaching of both high school students and adults. She won a multitude of awards including the 1973 US Department of Interior Citation for Indian Leadership and the 2000 North Carolina Heritage Award.

Crowe provided inspiration with her long membership in Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc. and service on the Board. Bears became her signature carving: dancing, juggling, balancing on top of one another. Crowe said of her bears that they have a lot of personality: "They're almost human. They've got more sense than a lot of people." She continued to carve in her own studio creating numerous prize-winning pieces of art of animals, figures, and abstracts, until her death in 2004 (Gaston).

Early Cherokee Woodcarving

Early tribal woodcarving concentrated on functional and ceremonial items. For daily use, the Cherokee carved buckeye-wood dough bowls; pipe bowls carved of stone and rhododendron root burls; and rhododendron hominy ladles. Traditional woodcarvings included weapons and wooden totem poles called Willum Ollums, which were pictorial histories. The Cherokee created wooden masks for ceremonies and funerals (King 203, French 171-174).

The Qualla Boundary Cherokee began to regard crafts as income in 1902 when Estelle Reel, superintendent of education in the Indian office promoted that goal. By 1911 forty tribe members made a partial living at basketry and two in pottery. Crafts appeared at the October Cherokee fair in 1914 and in 1916 the Council created an



Carvings of a pine martin and a bear by Gilbert Crowe, a student of Amanda Crowe. Courtesy of Jan Brooks and Lane Coulter Crowe/Coulter Manuscript Collection.

exhibit hall. In 1946, the Cherokee founded Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc., a craft cooperative, to promote and market native crafts (Finger 31-32, 146).

Other Famous Cherokee Carvers

Crowe's uncle, Goingback Chiltoskey, learned carving from his father and his older brother, Watty, who gave him his first carving knife when he was ten years old. Chiltoskey worked in the carpentry shop at the Cherokee Boarding School in 1917. During the ninth grade, on Sunday afternoons, he carved rhododendron into small animals and walking sticks with entangled snakes that he sold to teachers for 25 cents. After attending Parker District School in South Carolina and the Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas, for vocational education (now the Haskell Indian Nations University), he enrolled in the Institute of American Indian Arts in Sante Fe, New Mexico, where he worked for two years concentrating in jewelry. He returned to Cherokee in 1935 and assisted the director in shop classes at the high school where he taught his niece Amanda Crowe. After working as a model maker in the Army Engineers during World War II, and other educational studies, he returned to Cherokee in 1966 to continue woodworking and teaching. He carved in his own studio, creating bears, rabbits, wildcats, squirrels, foxes, figures, and such notable pieces as the Great Horned Owl, Eagle Dancer, and the

Seal of Cherokee. He retained active membership in Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc. and Southern Highland Handicraft Guild (Green 8-10, Goingback Chiltoskey).

Another traditional carver who probably indirectly influenced Crowe, John Julius Wilnoty, born in 1940, began carving little head pendants and pipes of stone fashioned after Pre-Columbian archaeological pieces made by the mound builders. He fashioned his stone pipes like the old makers, hunted old stone in the mountains, and imitated museum pieces. His works, whether in stone or steatite, bone or wood, were based in Cherokee mythology and folklore. Wilnoty created his vision of the Eagle Dancer in 1967 out of cherry wood. Although not formally trained in wood carving, but following his own ideas, he continued creating masks, bears, and wrestlers as well as pipes and amulets (French 179, Leftwich 100-107, Carvings).

Amanda Crowe's Woodcarving

Amanda Crowe's method of woodcarving included several general steps. In the article "Whittle Away," she recommended a good knife with a sharp blade and an aged semi-hard wood such as cherry, walnut, butternut, tulip, yellow poplar, or mahogany. She noted that the wood grain should run lengthwise in the piece and be free of knots. After choosing the subject of the carving, she suggested a life-like and appealing but compact pose that should be sketched in pencil. If possible, she advised shaping the subject in clay or wax to use as a model. On the wood block, the shape should be pencil sketched, front, back, and sides. Then a sideline outline of the subject is drawn on the block. A coping saw removed unnecessary wood. This left a basic shape of the subject. Again with a pencil, the carver outlined the backbone and the various body parts on the wood. Whittling began by removing edges then shaping the subject. Small cuts in the direction of the grain kept the wood from splitting off. Carving should be balanced by constantly turning the wood (Crowe, "Whittle Awhile").

In the wood-kits that Doris Coulter and Amanda Crowe designed, produced, and sold from the 1960s through the 1980s, Crowe provided instructions on carving a small piece: cat, mouse, goose, owl, bear, wren, and others. A small block of wood came in the kit that Crowe had cut to size with a band saw. Although Crowe created paper sketches for most of her larger works, she directed the carver to draw a lengthwise center line around the block then sketch in the details as illustrated on the provided drawing. Next she advised the

carver to cut away shaded areas in small, smooth cuts following the grain with a sharp pocketknife, keeping the total work in proportion. After carving, she suggested sanding the surfaces until smooth with various grades of sandpaper. Details such as eyes, nose, mouth, and toes were to be cut in “V” shapes with a knifepoint. Final work consisted of three or four coats of lacquer, rubbing with steel wool, then coating with paste wax and polishing (Crowe and Coulter).

Although Crowe herself had a large number of axes, adzes, hatchets, chisels, mallets, knives, sharpening stones, and tools, she recommended at least three varieties of chisels: a “U” chisel, a “V” chisel, and a flat “U” chisel. Her own collection of knives included Robeson, Camco, and Schrader knives. In finishing her own work she used boiled linseed oil and three coats of semi-gloss lacquer (Derks 11).

Teaching

In one of Amanda Crowe’s earliest reports on teaching wood carving to 31 high school students and 19 adults, Crowe stated that she considered their interests, experience, and the time scheduled for carving. Initial discussions concerned the qualities of wood, tool use, paper sketches, and choosing a problem following one’s own special interest in form, color, pattern, texture, “composition, positive and negative shapes, light and dark distribution, line movement, space relationship and stylization.” Certainly she instructed her students in her belief that “the idea must dictate the kind of wood used” (Crowe, “Art Report 1954-55”).

Crowe outfitted her high school shop with equipment that she purchased through her sponsor, the Cherokee Historical Association. In a January 1964 receipt for over \$1600 from the Citizens Hardware and Supply Company in Asheville, the purchased equipment included a band saw, jointer, belt and disc sander combination, a Unisaw, Uniguard for the Unisaw, and a floor model drill press. A handwritten list of tools was written on the back of the receipt, including 25 various sizes of clamps, a waste paper basket, two brooms, eight four pound mallets, 15 chisels, an adz, among others items. An exhaust system whisked dust and debris from the air. Safety for her students was a priority; she spent two weeks in class discussing safety before students began carving. “I don’t want to see a finger lying over there,” she remarked and added that she suffered stitches for cuts and slices, “Enough to make a quilt, I guess” (Redman, Gaston). In 1967 Crowe requested additional supplies from the Chero-



Amanda Crowe with Wood Carving Club, 1968. Photo courtesy of Jan Brooks and Lane Coulter Crowe/Coulter Manuscript Collection.

kee Historical Association for a new evening group in woodcarving and sculpture that would work in wood, stone, and metal. In her letter she noted the exhibit from the evening class at the Indian Art Center in New York the previous summer, whose woodcarvings represented 26 members of the class. She also noted that “the work was exceptionally well received, as shown by the large attendance and the number of orders received” (Crowe letter to Carol White).

A close friend of Crowe, Mary Ritter Shaefer of Dillsboro, in 1988 noted that Crowe taught students more than carving, “...She teaches them to feel good about themselves. She takes special joy in reaching those whom others have given up on.” Initially Crowe thought that teaching “would be the most miserable job in the country.” Instead, she loved it. She followed these rules for teaching: “Be good to them. Give them confidence.” Crowe considered resigning from her position in 1988, but she realized, “I hated to give up these kids that were so good.” So she decided to stay a bit longer, “long enough to give ‘em a rough time” (Gaston).

Field Trips and Exhibits and Awards

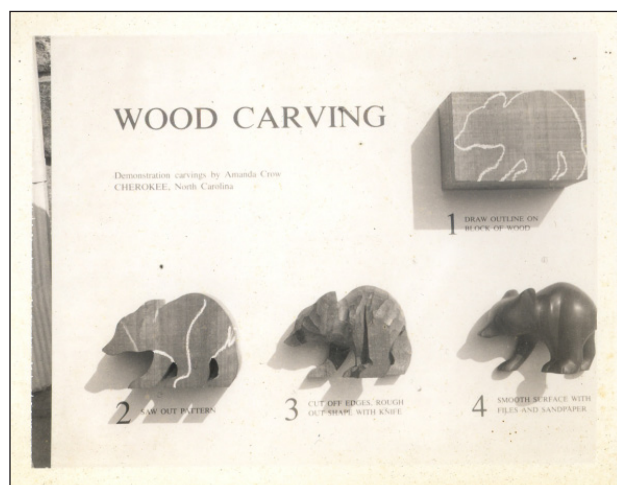
Teachers at Cherokee Indian School often took their students on field trips. In November 1957, Crowe reported in *Smoke Signals*—

a circular for craftspeople published by the Indian Arts and Crafts Board—on the fifth year of student trips to the Children’s Museum in Nashville, Tennessee, bringing an exhibit of student crafts. The Cherokee Historical Association financed the trip. Students Richard Welch and Virgil Ledford, freshmen, traveled to demonstrate wood sculpture. Over 3,100 children from Nashville schools visited the exhibit and enjoyed the demonstrations. Crowe remarked, “They made friendships that will be lasting and will act as emissaries of good will for the Cherokee Reservation” (Crowe, *Smoke Signals*).

Crowe’s students also regularly attended and entered exhibits in the North Carolina State Fair in Raleigh, where they won numerous prizes, and the Cherokee Indian Fair. In 1955 to 1956, students exhibited at the South Eastern Recreational Association Conference, Western Carolina College High School Field Day, the Southern Highland Crafts Guild Fair in Asheville, the Western North Carolina Manufacturer’s exhibit, and the National Soap Sculpture Competition in New York. Students also participated in Girl Scout craft day at Franklin, the Wichita Art Association Exhibit, the American Association of University Women exhibit in Greensboro, Young Americans of ’55 in New York, and the 8th Annual Regional Arts and Crafts Exhibit in Cherokee (“Art Report 1955-56”).

Also in 1956, Crowe’s students exhibited at the 35th Inter-Tribal Ceremonial at Gallup, New Mexico. At this first-time event, judges and directors stated that the Cherokee student work “exceeded that of any other tribe.” Student John Tahquette received four prizes, including a grand prize and a certificate of merit for producing work of prize-winning quality. Gilbert Crowe received three prizes, including two grand prizes, as well as a certificate for quality. Amanda Crowe herself won six prizes for adult, sculpture, mask, special award, booth award, and a grand prize. Crowe regularly attended the event and received prizes for her woodcarving. In her report Crowe noted sales totaled over \$860 with orders for additional \$525 (Crowe, “Exhibit for Inter-Tribal Ceremonial”).

In 1957 through 1959, students participated in the regional and national Annual Industrial Arts Awards. The Industrial Arts Awards included electrical to ceramic projects including models and wrought metal. Crowe’s students participated in the “Open” category. In 1957, in the State Division held in Charlotte, a student won the Outstanding Creative Design Award. Eighth and ninth-grade students won second and third place awards for carving. The tenth-grade students achieved first and third place prizes and the eleventh



Amanda Crowe's exhibit "Stages of Woodcarving," c. 1960s.
 Courtesy of Jan Brooks and Lane Coulter Crowe/Coulter
 Manuscript Collection.

and twelfth grade students captured first, second, and third place prizes. In the national competition held that same year in Dearborn, Michigan, Crowe students won "Outstanding Creative Design," three second place prizes, two third place prizes, four honorable mentions, and six "places." Crowe's students continued to win awards in 1958 and 1959 (Crowe, "Awards").

In a 1978 report of the activities and awards for her woodcarving and sculpture class, Crowe noted that 117 carvings, which won first, second, and third place prizes, were exhibited at the Spring Art Show. In addition, the classes participated in the 5th Annual 8th district Vocation Fair held at the Asheville Mall, showing sixteen woodcarvings and eight stone carvings and receiving first, second, third, fourth, and fifth place prizes in wood carving and first in stone carving. Crowe noted that they did well, particularly since they were the smallest school participating. In the Fall Festival the students entered twelve animals, birds, salad sets, and masks which took first, second, and third place in all categories. She remarked that her 73 students sold an average of 25 to 30 objects each week. She also reported that at least 47 of her former students since 1953 produced works from their own shops, and five taught carving part time at Haywood Technical school, other schools, or at their own homes (Crowe, "Activities and Awards of 1978").



Amanda Crowe's Wood Carving Club. Photo courtesy of Jan Brooks and Lane Coulter Crowe/Coulter Manuscript Collection.

In 1987, Cherokee High School sent 46 items to the Annual National Native American High School Art Exhibit at the Institute of American Indian Arts Museum, Sante Fe, New Mexico. Of the fourteen prize winners in sculpture-animals, nine were Cherokee High School students, most in the eleventh grade, with wooden sculptures of a vulture, wild boar, acrobatic bear, dancing bear, rabbits, standing fox, goose, "begging," and running bear. Crowe's teaching influence is summarized in her statement: "So, too, in teaching there is stimulation in helping others know the joy of creating their own things and seeing them grow in their enthusiasm" (Institute of American Indian Arts Museum).

In a 1964 letter from Mrs. Stewart Udall during the time her husband was Secretary of the Department of the Interior, 1961-1969, Dewey Owle, a Crowe student, not only sold his upside-down bear from an exhibit of Indian Art, but was requested to make a copy for the Swedish ambassador. Mrs. Udall remarked that the bear "stole the show" and "was sold sight-unseen" to the Assistant Secretary of Defense, who had seen a newspaper photograph of the bear and "his children fell in love with it." As Crowe remarked, "Wood is blessed with the quality of stimulating an emotional response" (Udall letter).

Crowe also wrote letters of reference for her students to continue their development. In the 1960s, she referred three of her students—Mike Crowe, John Eric Catolster, and Jim Allison—for attendance at the Institute of American Indian Arts in Sante Fe, New Mexico, the same school that Goingback Chiltoskey had attended in the 1930s (Crowe Letters of Reference).

Crowe Students

In her lengthy teaching career, Crowe taught over two thousand students at Cherokee High School, both youth and adults. Her students achieved various levels of accomplishments over their lives. The following are some of the students who became significant and notable carvers.

Gilbert Crowe, born in 1938, learned carving in the eighth grade from Chiltoskey and from Amanda Crowe in high school, as well as through adult study. His father, Albert Crowe, made bows and arrows and tomahawks. Under Crowe's tutelage as a high school sophomore, he won the Golden Key Award in the sculpture category in the 1954 Scholastic Art Exhibition. In 1956, Gilbert Crowe exhibited at the 35th Inter-Tribal Ceremonial at Gallup, New Mexico, where he received three prizes, including two grand prizes as well as a certificate for quality. Choosing to be a barber as an occupation, he continued to wood-carve, joined Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc. in the 1950s and continued his membership in the 2000s. In a 1976 Qualla Member exhibit with six other artists, he commented, "I like to take my own time and do a piece I can be proud of." He demonstrated woodcarving at 1982 World Fair in Knoxville as well as at the University of Tennessee. He taught classes in Cherokee and at Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas, now the Haskell Indian Nations University (Documentary).

Virgil Ledford, born in 1940, learned woodcarving from his great grandfather, Murphy, and studied three years with Amanda Crowe. While studying with Crowe in the ninth grade in 1957, Ledford won a North Carolina Industrial Arts Association (NCIAA) second place prize for a carved giraffe. In tenth grade in 1958 he won a first prize in the NCIAA open division in woodworking and a second place prize for a sculptured bear in the national Industrial Arts Association (IAA) Project Fair in Dearborn, Michigan. During the 1959 national competition he won a place award in the open division for a combination of metal and wood. Ledford commented that Crowe taught him "...how to create his own unique designs while basing

them in the culture of his people.” She advised, “You got to have an idea, or a picture in your head what that bird looks like, or whatever you’re carving.” Ledford continued to carve, making his living as an adult concentrating on high gloss animals and human figures. Later he said of Crowe, “She’d talk to you...if you liked to do something and could make money at it, stick with it.” During his first one-man show in the Qualla Member Gallery in 1973-74, he exhibited a mahogany Indian potter and various animals including an owl, turtle, ground hog, fox, and horses. He stated, “You can’t carve like somebody else. You’ve got to have your own feelings of what the animal or bird looks like.” Significant works included a sculpture of Sequoyah for Tennessee Valley Authority for the Sequoyah Birthplace Museum and a Cherokee hunter with an eagle that became the logo for the Museum of the Cherokee Indian in 1975. Other works exist in the collections of the Burgess Indian Museum and the Department of Interior Collection of Indian Art. He won the 1995 North Carolina Folk Heritage Award (“Virgil Ledford” 112-113; Gaston).

Lloyd Carl Owle, born in 1943, learned carving from Crowe in high school but was inspired by Mose Owle in the making of pipes with animal figures out of stone. His father made bows and arrows. Inspired by history and legends of the Cherokee, Owle creates figures such as chunky player, mother pounding corn, Indian woman, Indian wrestlers, and a fish pendant out of pipestone. He carved Tsali, the heroic and mythical man who gave his life to save the North Carolina Cherokee from forced migration by the military. He also carves dancing bears and animals and totemic symbols for the Seven Clans. Like most carvers, Lloyd Carl Owle works with wood and metal mallets, chisels, hammers, and knives. Owle demonstrated and taught his craft at Arrowmont, in New York City, in Washington DC, and at Western Carolina University’s Mountain Heritage Day. With a degree from Western Carolina University, he chose to work in youth rehabilitation. His community selected him to serve on the Tribal Council (Duncan 48).

J. Bud Smith learned to carve bears and birds from Amanda Crowe. As the 2001 carving teacher at Cherokee High School, his goal was to follow Crowe’s example. Smith designed the sculpture for the Harrah’s Casino Seven Sisters restaurant. It honored seven Cherokee women in wood and commemorated the Seven Clans of the Cherokee. The Cherokee trace their lineage through the matrilineal Seven Clans system and revere the number seven in ceremonial and secular life. As Smith remarked, “...women have historically



Amanda Crowe and students, c. 1977. Photo courtesy of Jan Brooks and Lane Coulter Crowe/Coulter Manuscript Collection.

played important roles in the political and social decisions of the tribe.” Smith also exhibited sculpture at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, the Sante Fe Indian Market, and the Albuquerque Cultural Center (“Seven Sisters Restaurant”). This former student of Crowe’s was known for his carving of bird and bears. “To carry on for Amanda Crowe is my mission,” announced J. Bud Smith on becoming the Cherokee High School teacher of woodcarving and sculpture in 2001.

Virgil Crowe learned carving in high school from Amanda Crowe and concentrated in making animals, birds, and figurines. Later, in the 1980s and as a member of Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, he chose to carve dance, ceremonial, and clan masks. Cherokee dances included the Eagle, Booger, Medicine Man with the sacred rattlesnake, Warrior, Green Corn, Stomp, Burial, and Animal dance-masks, which included wildcat, bear, and buffalo, among others. Cherokee clan-masks included Wolf, Deer, Bird, Paint or Medicine, Blue Paint or Panther, Wild Potato, and Long Hair or Twister (Duncan 27).

As a Crowe student in 1959, George Goings won the Industrial Arts Association place award for his sculptured walnut penguin. He preferred carving animal figures in walnut but also worked in stone.

He attended President Clinton's inaugural festivities celebrating craftspeople of the South. Goings worked for the Cherokee Department of Transportation and was a member of Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc (Duncan 31).

David Hornbuckle learned carving from his brother Butch and from Amanda Crowe. He carved masks of the seven clans of the Cherokee out of buckeye, bell wood, butternut, cherry, and walnut, often finding and felling trees in the woods. In the early 1990s, he began his carving, creating small animals and bowls. He stated, "God's gift is what it is." His masks, available through the Museum of the Cherokee Indian, have attracted a wide audience and numerous outlets (Duncan 35).

Freeman Owle, born in 1946, studied wood and stone carving in high school with Crowe, although he had learned carving as a child. When he began wood working he made bowls which sold easily. After college he became director of the Cherokee Children's Home and then joined Teacher Corps. After receiving a Masters degree in Education at Western Carolina University, he taught sixth grade at Cherokee Elementary School for fourteen years and received a Teacher of the Year award. He enjoys Cherokee story-telling, which he used in the classroom and in public performances. As a craftsman he focused on stone carving, preferring its permanence. After cutting a native stone in half with a masonry bit he looked at it "to see what I see in the stone...Each one has a special purpose...It talks to me." Owle served on the Board of Directors of Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual. In 2004, he won the Preserve America Presidential Award for his work on the *Cherokee Heritage Trail Guide Book* (Duncan 47, Cherokee Heritage Trails).

Reuben Teesatuskie read and wrote the Cherokee language. At the age of twelve, he performed in *Unto These Hills* and continued for thirteen summers. In high school he learned silversmithing from Florence Martin and wood carving from Crowe. He won a prize on one of his first carved bowls at the Cherokee Fair. After high school he attended the Institute for American Indian Arts in Sante Fe, where he continued to study silversmithing. He was editor for the *Cherokee One Feather* newspaper and served on the tribal council and was director of the Ceremonial Grounds. He owned his own craft shop in Cherokee (Blue Ridge Heritage).

Bill Crowe learned carving from his aunt Amanda Crowe, and great-uncles Goingback Chiltoskey and Watty Chiltoskie. At age seventeen, he demonstrated wood carving at the Smithsonian Institu-

tion. After receiving an academic degree at Brigham Young University, where he received an award in history, he began creating masks, flutes, and drums. He demonstrated carving at the North Carolina State Fair, the 1982 Knoxville World's Fair, and the Museum of the Cherokee. Later he concentrated on the making of flutes (Duncan 25, Cherokee Heritage).

Ronnie Bradley, born in 1956, was the first craftsman in his family. As a child he whittled, but classes with Crowe stirred him to create sculptures. He said Crowe "always pushed us to use our imaginations and try new things." Bradley's work "The Sanctuary" featured a group of bears exploring a smooth cave-like piece of walnut. His bear pieces focused on bears perched on a sculptural smoothed piece of wood. He carved a feather piece that mimicked the smooth softness of its model. Bradley marketed his work through his membership in Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual (Blue Ridge Heritage).

Dewey Owle, whose 1964 upside-down bear won the admiration of the Stewart Udall family, was born in 1944. He continued wood carving, gathering native wood in the forest to sculpt. He preferred walnut, cherry, buckeye, sassafras, maple, and poplar. He created bowls, sculptures, and animals. He won prizes for his works at the Cherokee Fair (Udall letter, Qualla). Although not a direct student of Crowe's, James A. Bradley, born in 1933, dabbled in carving in high school and later used patterns from Virgil Ledford who was a student under Amanda Crowe. Ledford was the brother of Bradley's wife, Irma. Bradley carved bears, giraffe, dogs, ducks, modifying patterns so they were realistic. His wife Irma sanded and finished his work. Bradley was a top sales earner at the Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual shop. He assisted and taught novice carvers in the tribe (Enchanted Fauna).

Choctaw Workshop Trip

In 1963, Robert G. Hart, General Manager of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the United States Department of the Interior, completed arrangements with Darrell Fleming, Superintendent of the Cherokee Indian Agency, and Stephen M. Richmond, Arts and Crafts Specialist, for Amanda Crowe to participate in a wood carving workshop at the Choctaw Reservation in Mississippi. The workshop was to assist "the Choctaw craftspeople in the promotion and development of their arts and crafts" (Hart letter). The trip to Philadelphia, Mississippi, took place in the two weeks of May 5th to 17th, 1963. Richmond had completed a similar trip and workshop the pre-

vious year in basketry. Crowe, who Richmond described as “a young and very talented Cherokee sculptor and woodcarver,” was received with enthusiasm, especially at Pearl River High School’s Practical Arts shop. Because of the students’ interest, Crowe agreed to teach two morning classes, an afternoon class, and afternoon and evening adult workshops. The afternoon and evening adult workshops traveled to several Choctaw communities: Conahatta, Pearl River, Standing Pine, Tucker, Red Water, and Bogue Chitto, while continuing the morning and early afternoon high school classes in Pearl River. Richmond remarked on Crowe’s teaching style, “her method of teaching is not one of lecturing and demonstrations, but of individual attention, getting each person interested, providing the necessary help, then moving on to the next student.” Each adult workshop brought together from nine to twenty-one men and women, some so enthusiastic that they attended additional workshops in other communities. The adults assembled in small groups, carved, and compared their work (Richmond Report).

In a letter to Mr. Carol White, the General Manager of the Cherokee Historical Association, who regularly employed Crowe to teach woodcarving, R. J. Smith, Principal of the Choctaw Elementary School, wrote, “I have never seen anyone work as diligently and with such interest...She provided each individual with help and pointed out to them how they could improve and complete their work” (Smith letter).

Because of the success of the first Mississippi workshop, Crowe participated in a second workshop, December 1st through 13th, 1963, that concentrated on wood carving for adults. To intensify the time with students (two full weeks, rather than the three days of the first workshops), nearly forty participants from all communities were transported to the Pearl River School for classes from 9 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Crowe continued in her dedicated teaching style: “she saw to it that every person present had a carving to work on at all times, and when they needed help, she was there...Miss Crowe makes it appear very simple as she spends enough time with each student to get him started and then goes on to the next until all are quietly working in small groups.” When adults could not meet during the day, Crowe willingly conducted evening classes. The local television station, Channel 11 in Meridian, filmed a ten-minute program. Most students completed several carvings—and at the finish of the workshops, the manager of the Choctaw Craft Shop needed additional patterns, and the shop teacher at Pearl River School needed more



Amanda Crowe and students with carvings of giraffe, weasel, and bears, c. 1977. Photo courtesy of Jan Brooks and Lane Coulter Crowe/Coulter Manuscript Collection.

materials. One student was so enthusiastic she completed six animals and each day after class she would take materials home to continue to carve (Richmond Report, January 23, 1964).

Crowe's Teaching Evaluation

In a pencil draft of a self evaluation as Special Instructor of Carving and Sculpture in November 1986 to the question of what in teaching is most satisfying, Crowe responded, "Teaching students who have potential ability which can be turned into pride and confidence. For numerous former students, this enhanced native ability has become a major or supplementary source of income. Recognition of these Indian talents by other cultures helps keep Cherokee culture alive, with the participation of young people." To the question of what is your greatest contribution to the school, Crowe replied, "Helping to preserve Cherokee cultural heritage. Carving classes are so desired by some students that they enroll in this school in order to participate." In terms of her personal perception of the Cherokee High School, Crowe noted, "Currently staff members are more interested in helping students as compared with many years previous. However, greater parental cooperation and encouragement is needed to keep pupils in school" (Crowe Evaluation, 1986).

In a Performance Evaluation as a teacher in 1987 Crowe's evaluation stated that her "total performance far exceeded performance standards, five points, in planning for students, teaching, reporting student progress, supervising and keeping records." In the Remarks section, supervisor Joan Edmonds noted, "Her students excel in the area of art. They have won several awards at art shows. A. Crowe is an outstanding employee and a very valuable member of our faculty" (Crowe Performance Appraisal).

Crowe Honored

In November 1982, the Cherokee Historical Society, which employed Crowe, presented a Resolution of Appreciation to her for 30 years of devotion to Cherokee students and her exceptional accomplishments. Crowe exhibited her students' carvings and played a slide show of their carvings and sculpture. With the Association's highest commendation, the Resolution praised Crowe for performing her duties "continuously and with exceptional competence" and noted "her classes have been stimulating and rewarding to the hundreds of students." The Association noted that her "instruction has reflected much approbation and wide spread approval" of the Association's goals (Minutes).

Amanda Crowe followed her muse, carving and teaching others to enjoy. Crowe had stated, "I always wanted to be a hermit," and in many ways she remained more comfortable with nature than people. As her friend, Ms. Shaefer said, "She doesn't say much...She doesn't run on when you ask her a question. She answers it succinctly, then shuts up." Shaefer added, "She has a great heart." It was that heart that compelled Amanda Crowe to teach students to carve wood and stone for 35 years, to continue the Cherokee heritage, and to hand it on to others (Gaston).

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